

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

15c

HANNA-BARBERA

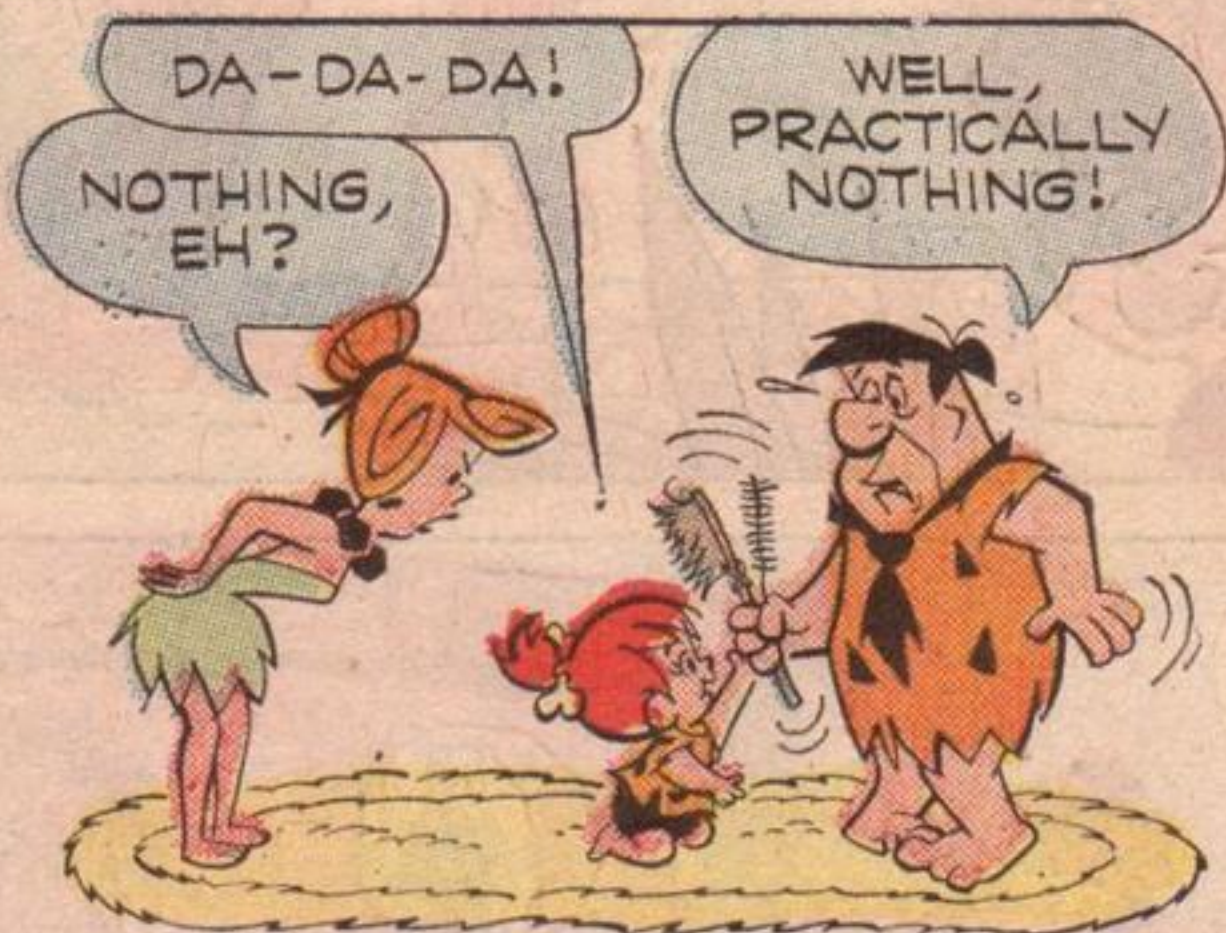
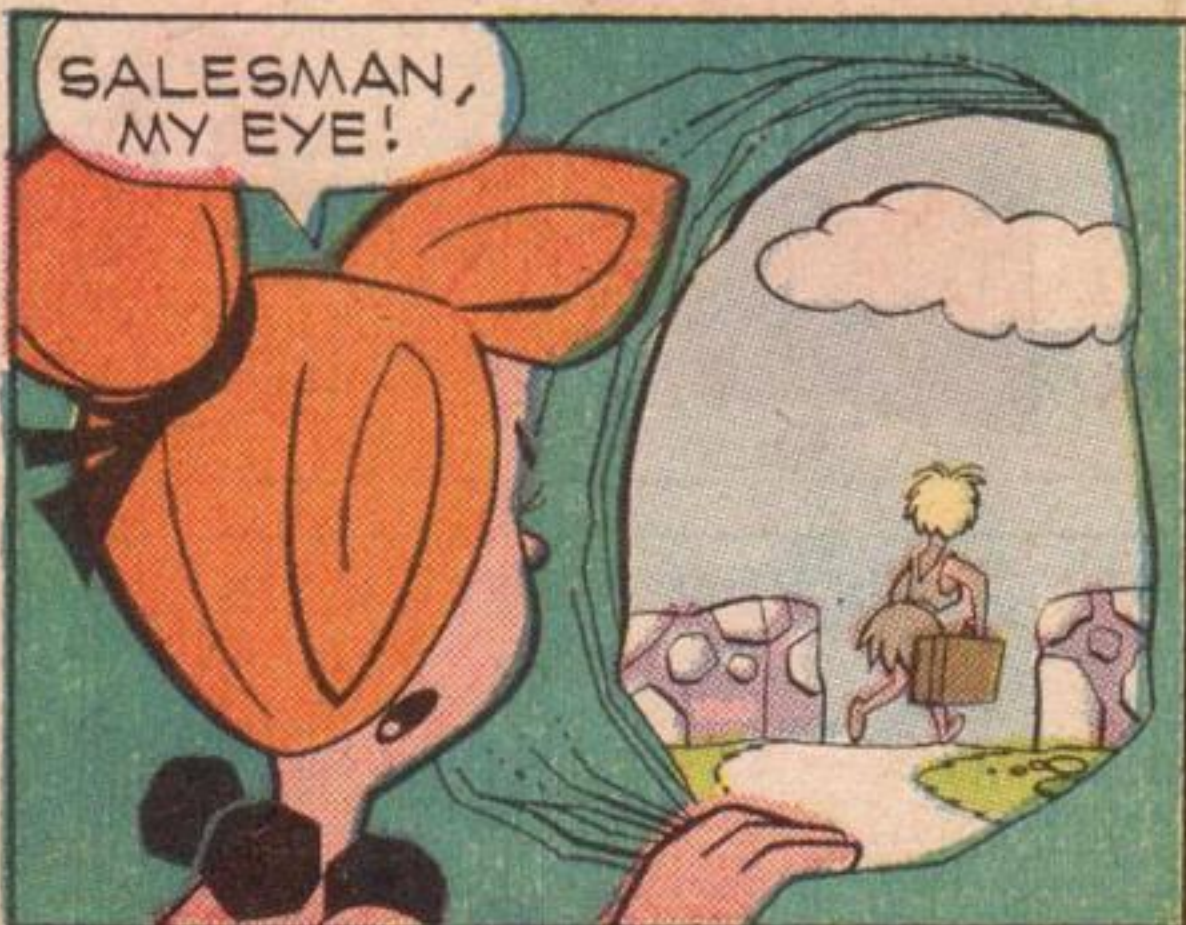
THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES

10006-902
FEBRUARY



PEDDLERS' PIGEON



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602.
THE FLINTSTONES, No. 50, February, 1969. Published bi-monthly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 75c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.25 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.00 per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1968, 1963, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



TRADEMARKS OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Publishing Company, Inc. authorized user. © 1968, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.



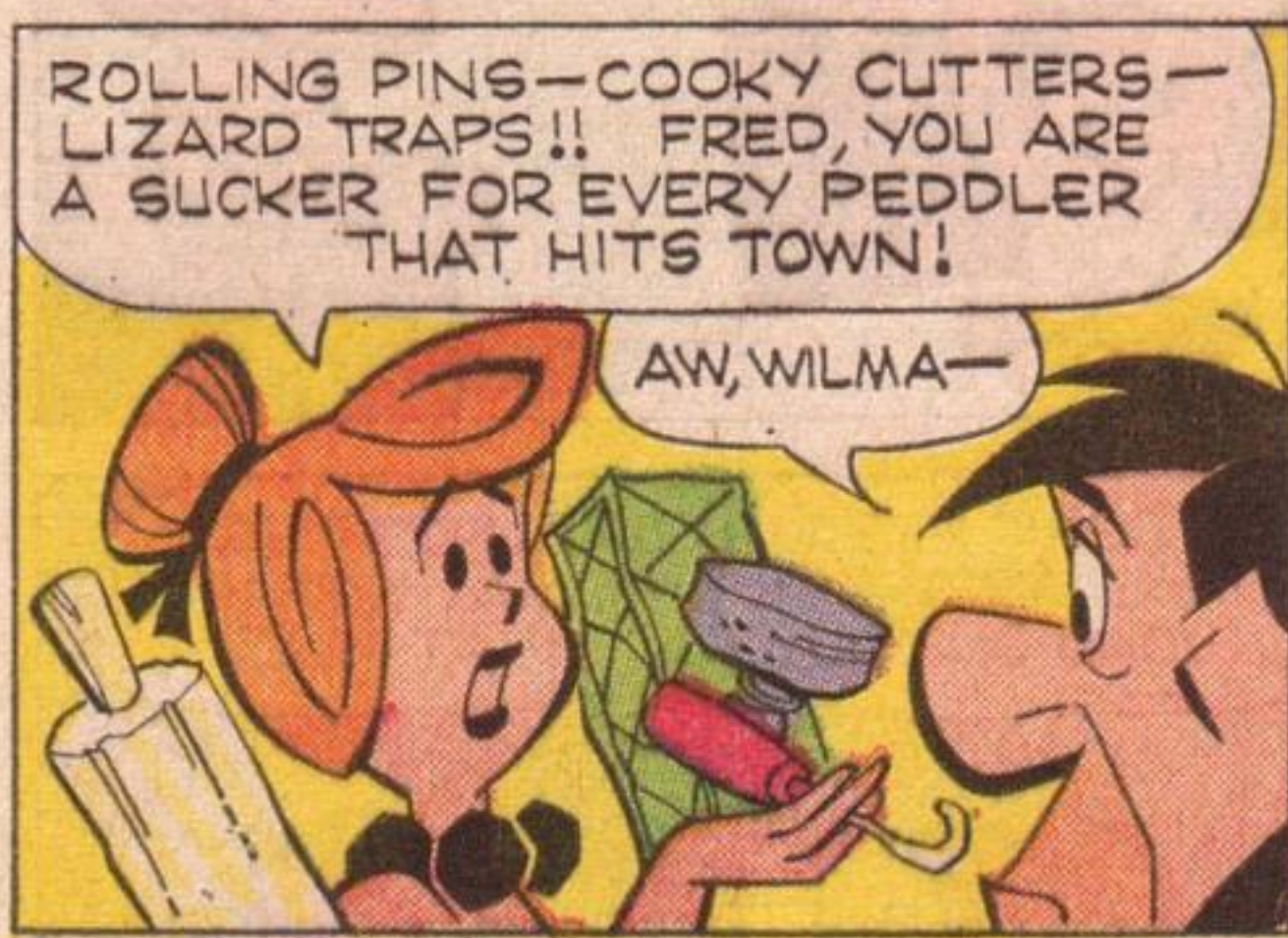
JUST TAKE A LOOK AT *THAT*!

GULP!



AND HERE'S A DOZEN COMBINATION CAN OPENERS AND BUTTON HOOKS...AND BUTTONS HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN INVENTED YET!

HEH-HEH! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO BE PREPARED, WILMA!



ROLLING PINS—COOKY CUTTERS—LIZARD TRAPS!! FRED, YOU ARE A SUCKER FOR EVERY PEDDLER THAT HITS TOWN!

AW, WILMA—



I'LL BET THIS HOUSE IS MARKED AS AN EASY TOUCH!

THAT'S SILLY!

SLAM!

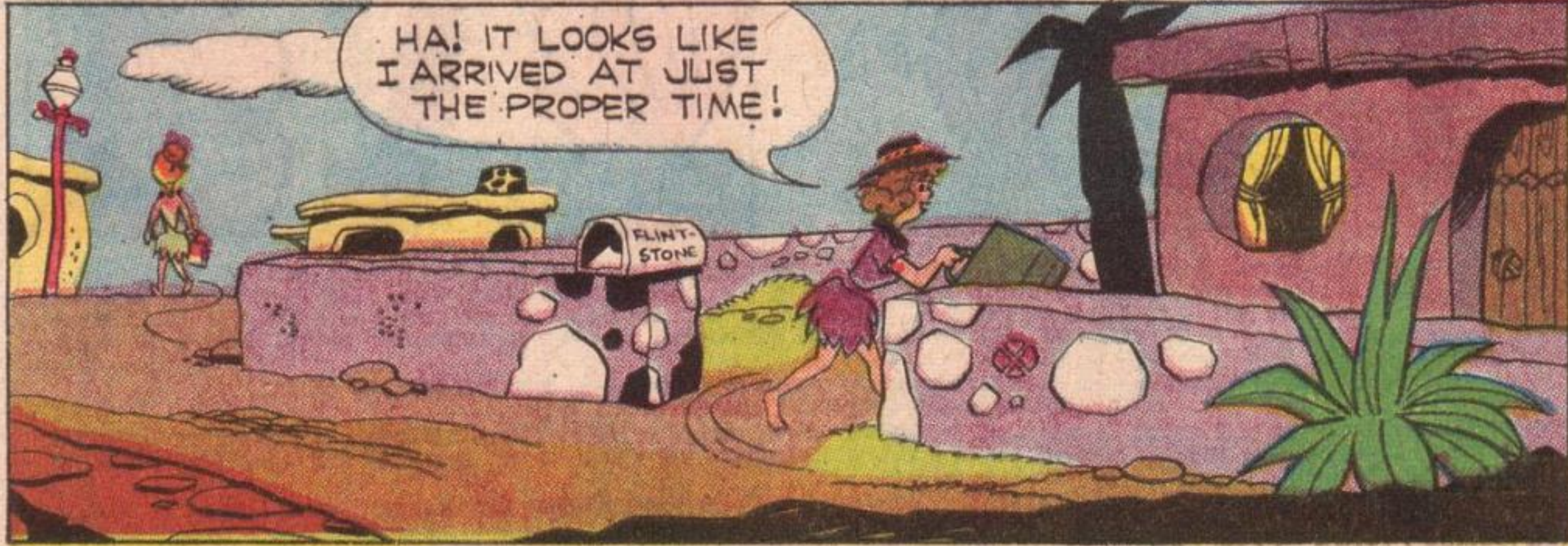


AH! THERE'S THE MARK! THIS MEANS THE MAN OF THE HOUSE HAS NO SALES RESISTANCE!

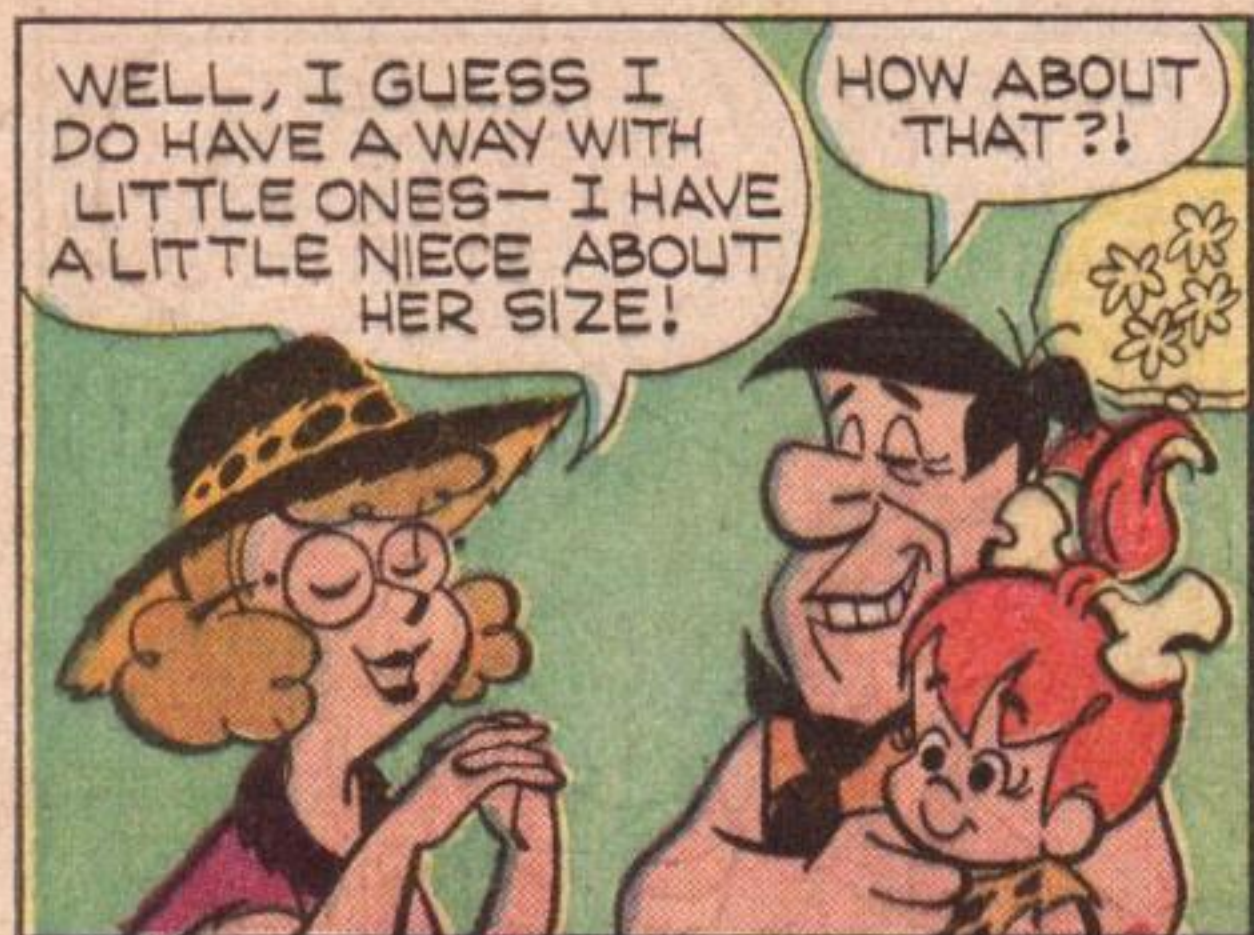
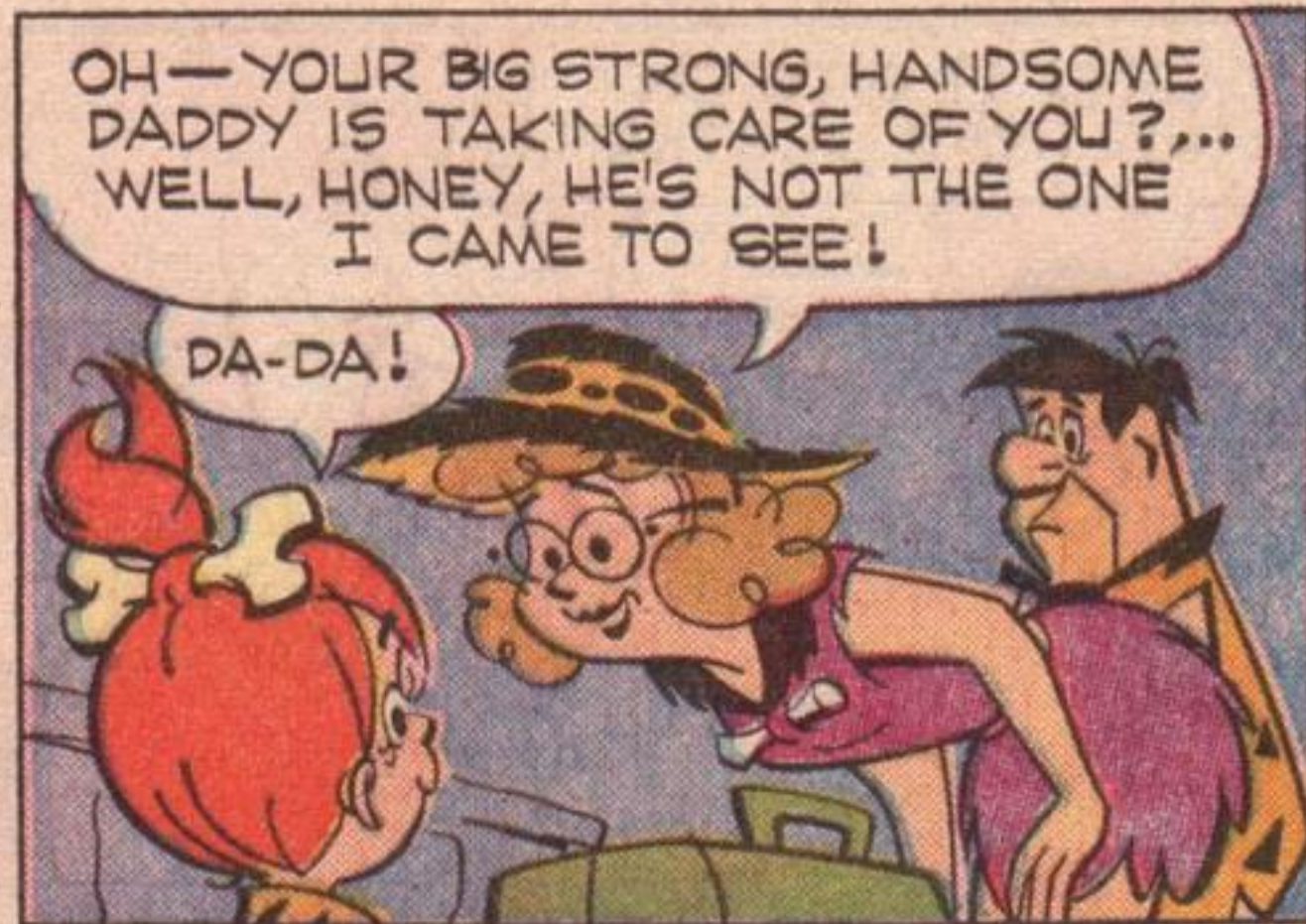
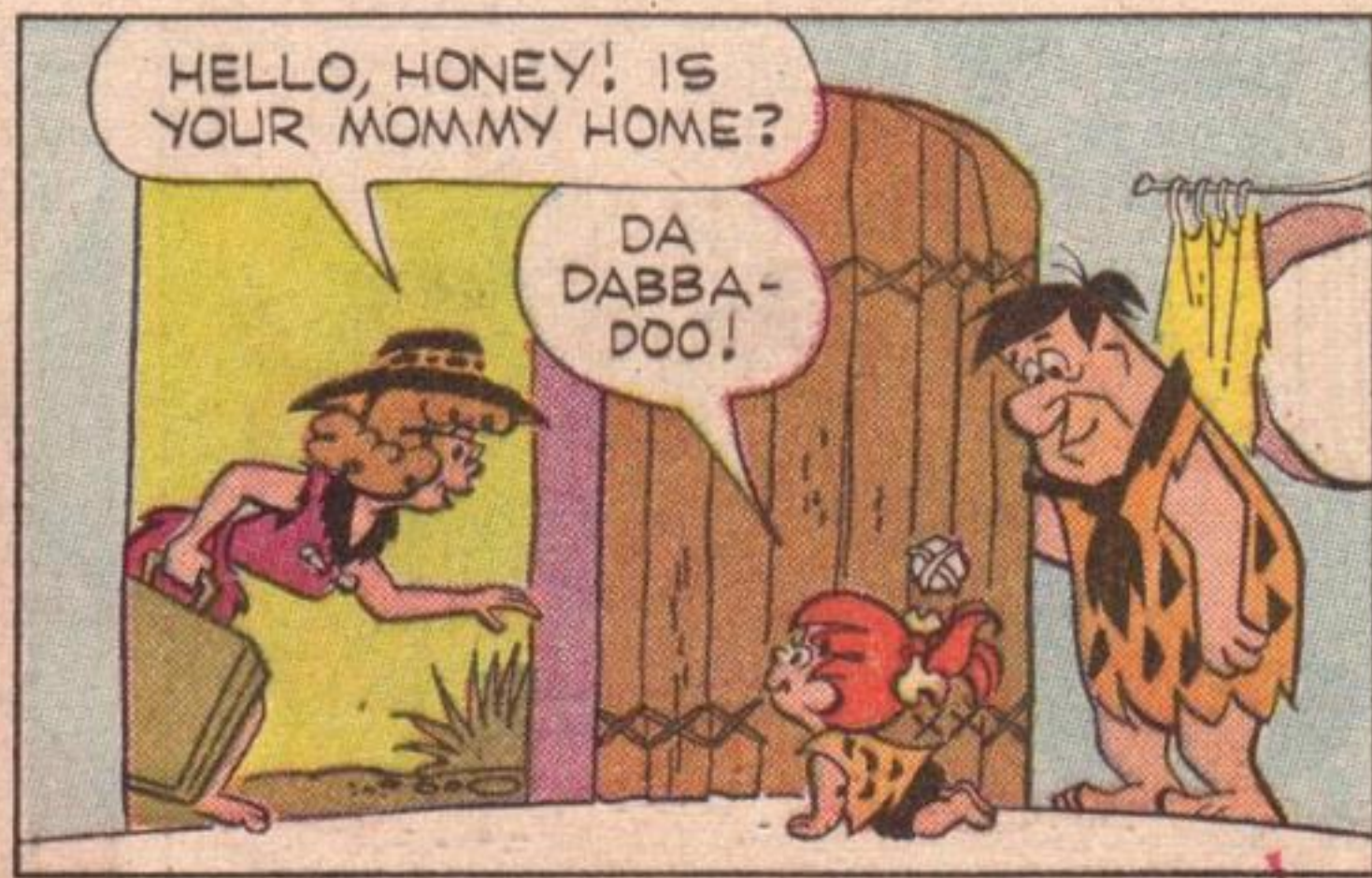
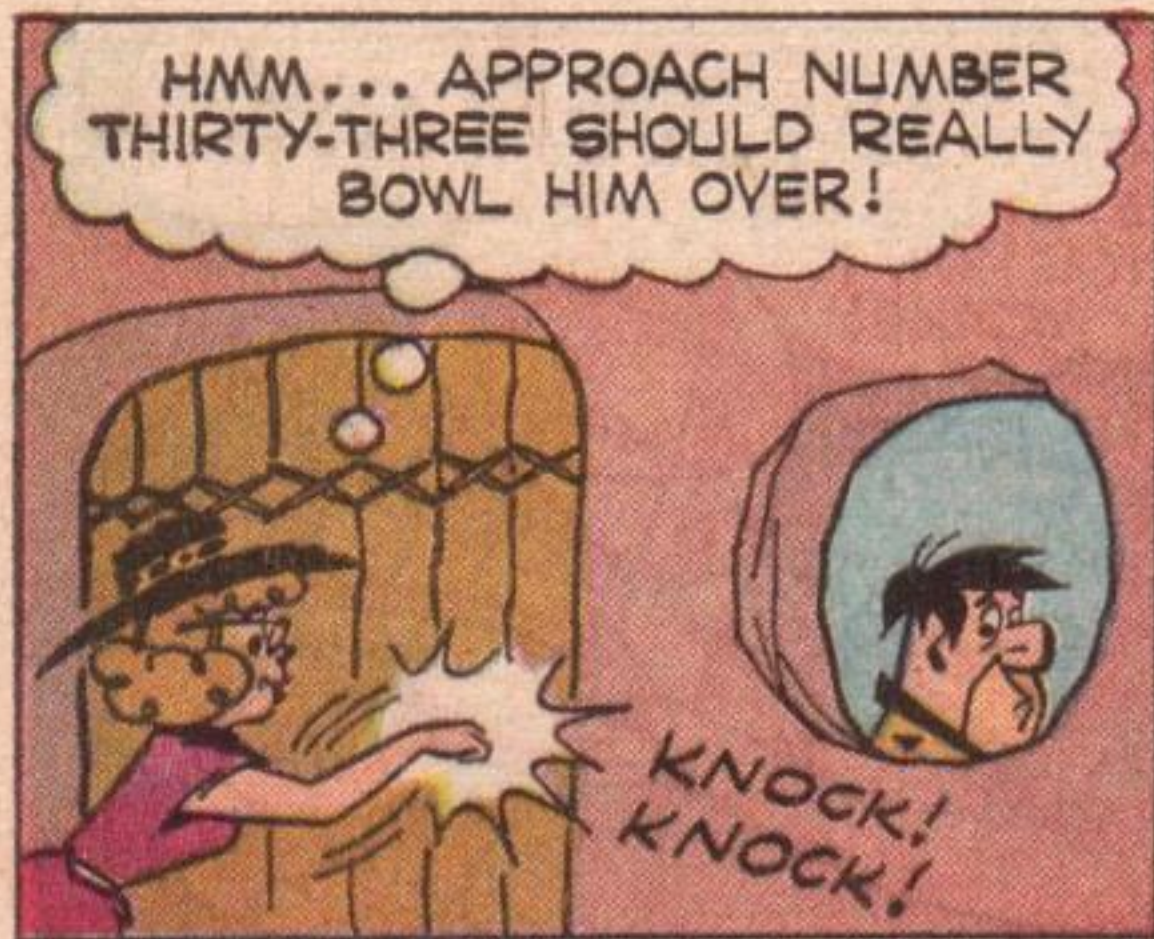


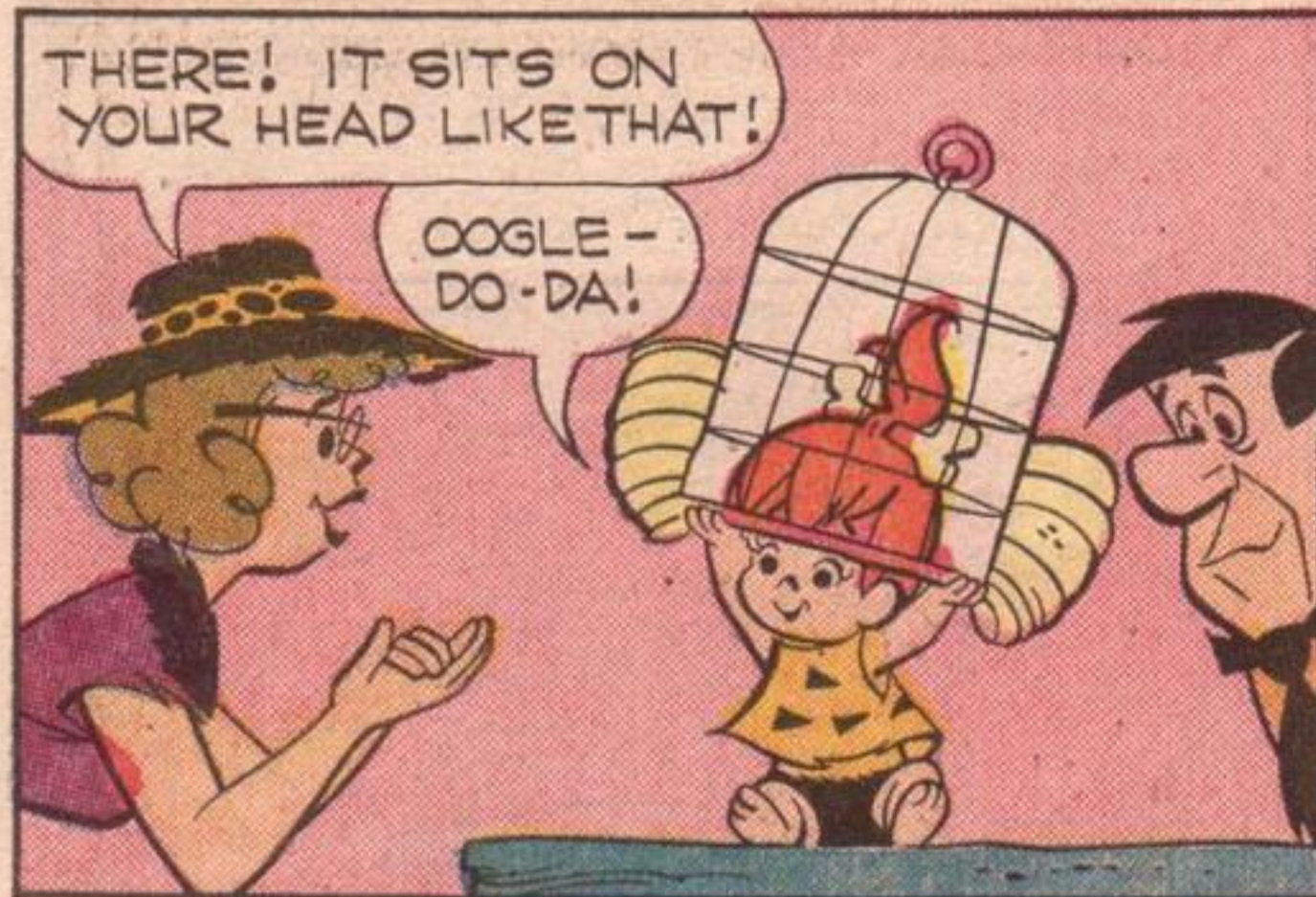
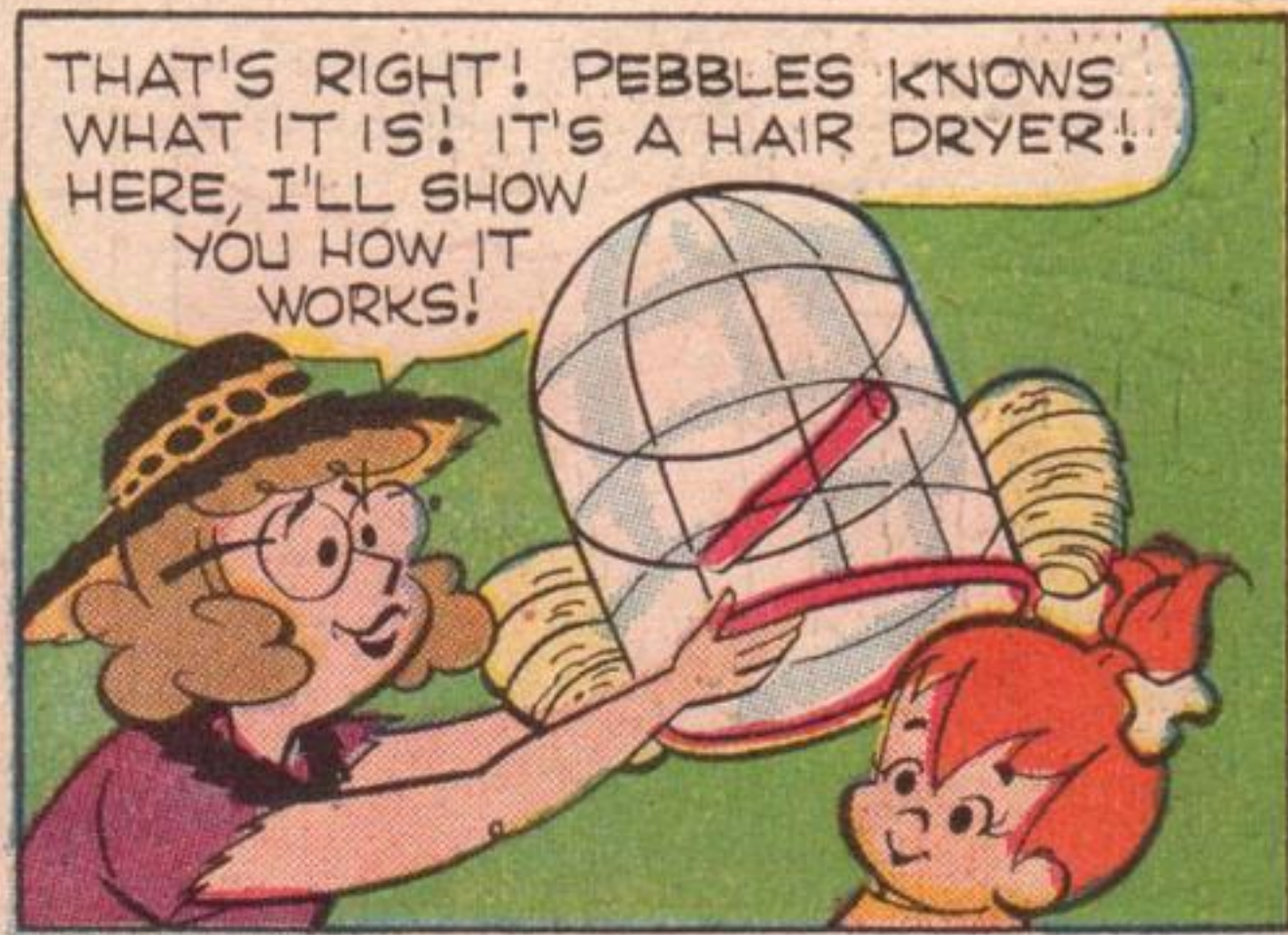
I'VE GOT TO DO SOME SHOPPING, FRED! TAKE CARE OF PEBBLES UNTIL I GET BACK—AND REMEMBER... BEWARE OF PEDDLERS!

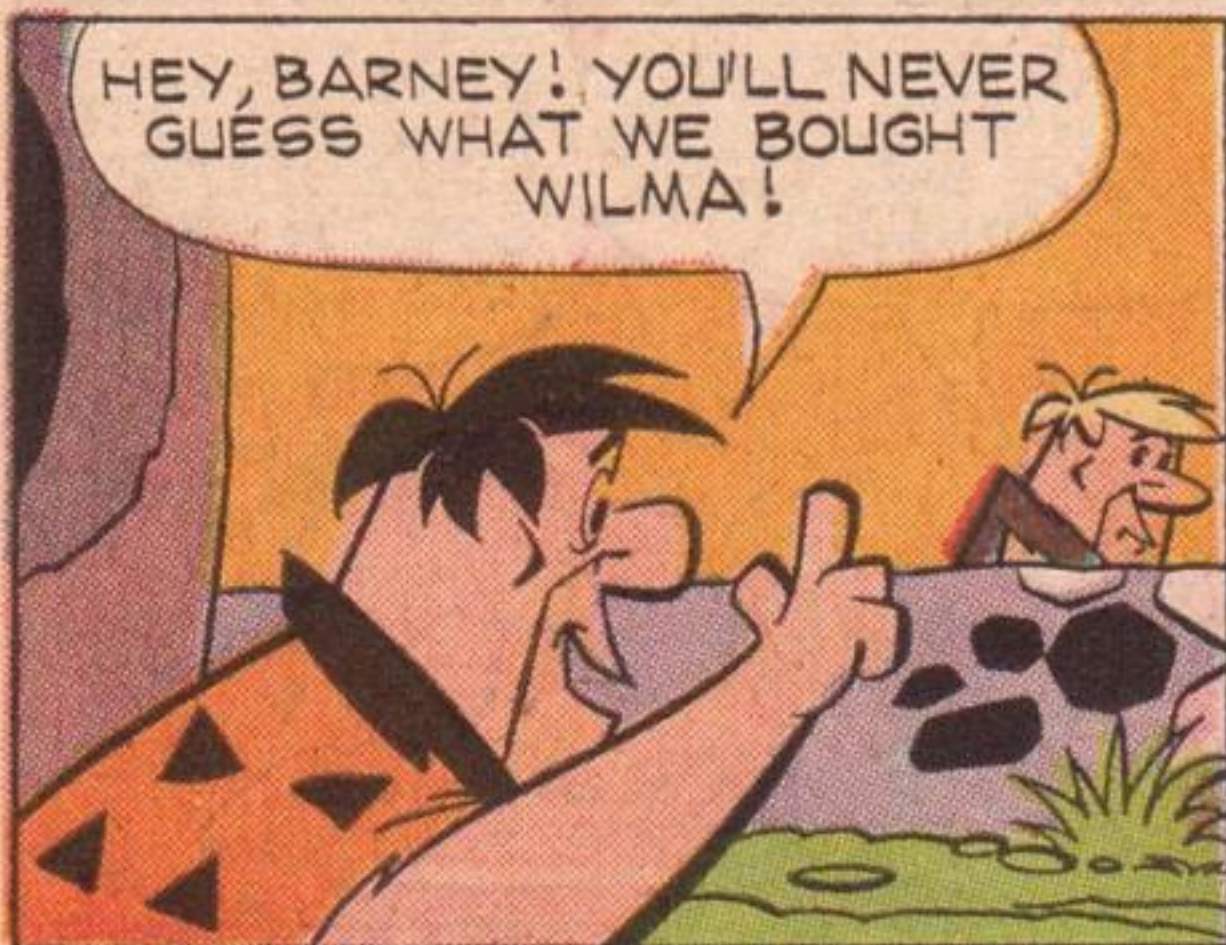
OKAY, WILMA! OKAY!

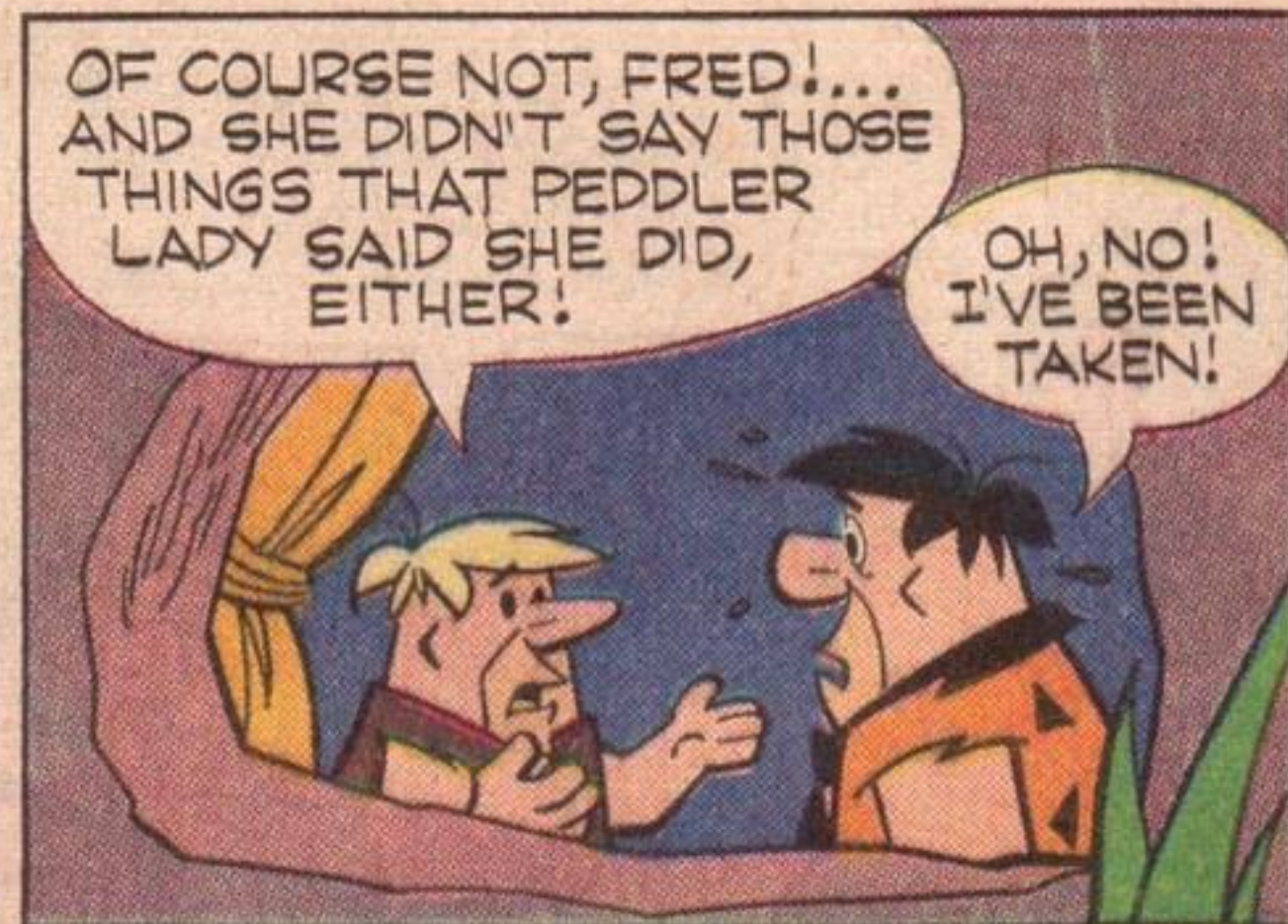


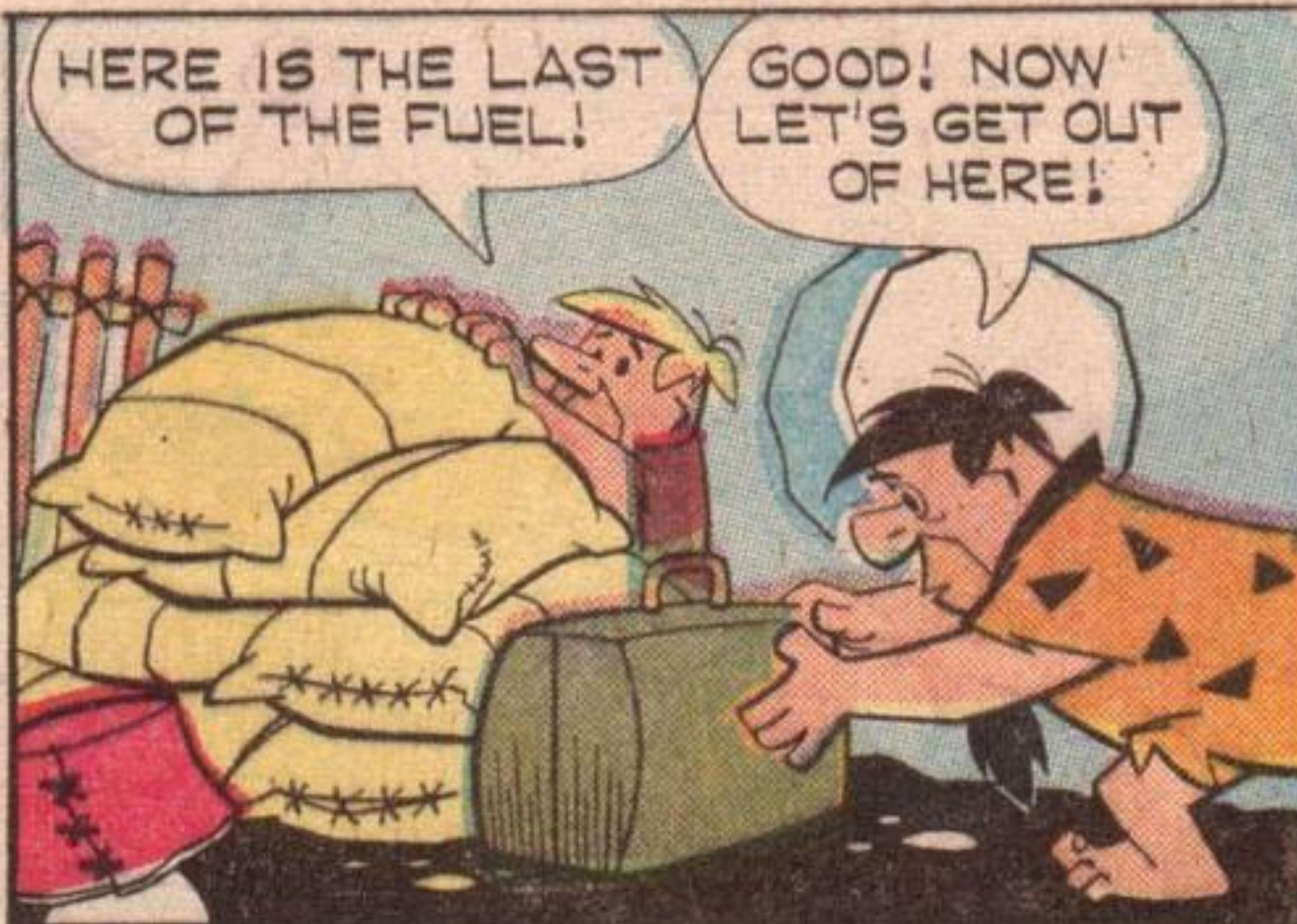
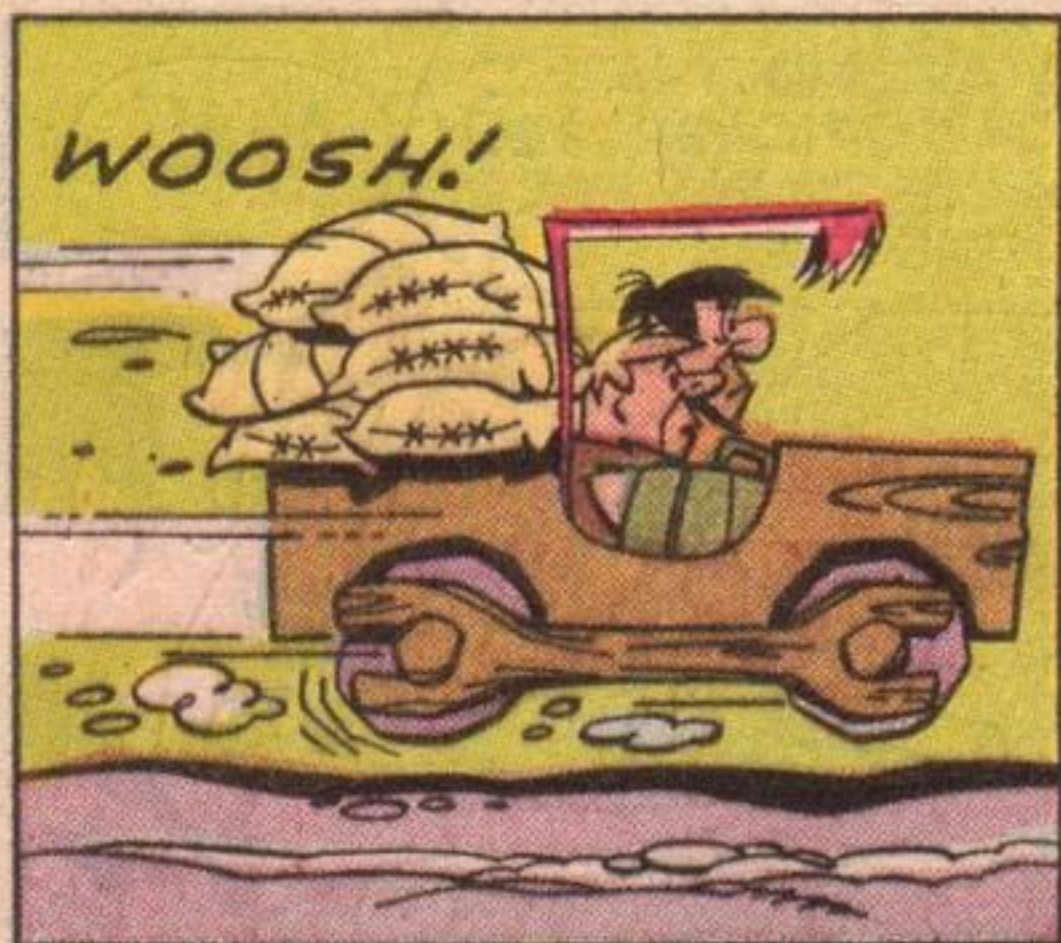
HA! IT LOOKS LIKE I ARRIVED AT JUST THE PROPER TIME!



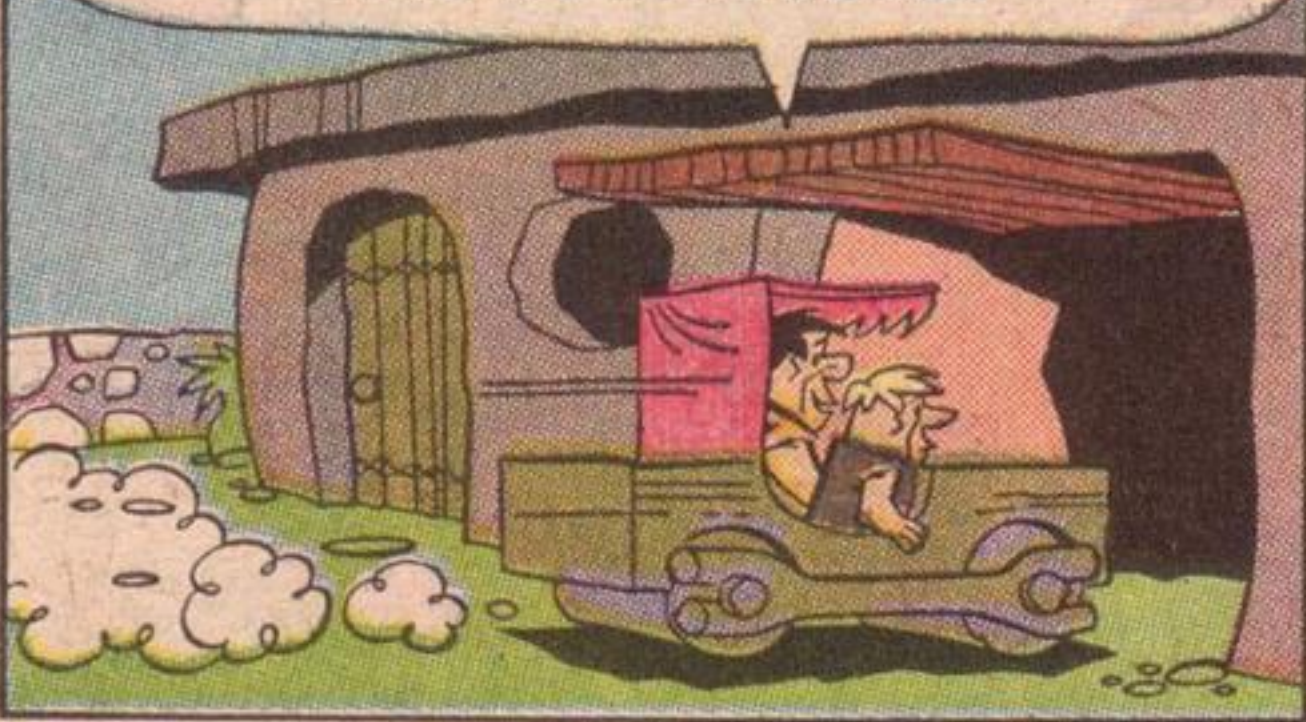








(WHEW!) I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER —
NOW TO PICK UP PEBBLES BEFORE
WILMA GETS HOME!



SHORTLY...

JUST IN TIME,
FRED! HERE COMES
WILMA NOW!



HELLO, FRED! I
HOPE YOU KEPT
YOUR PROMISE!

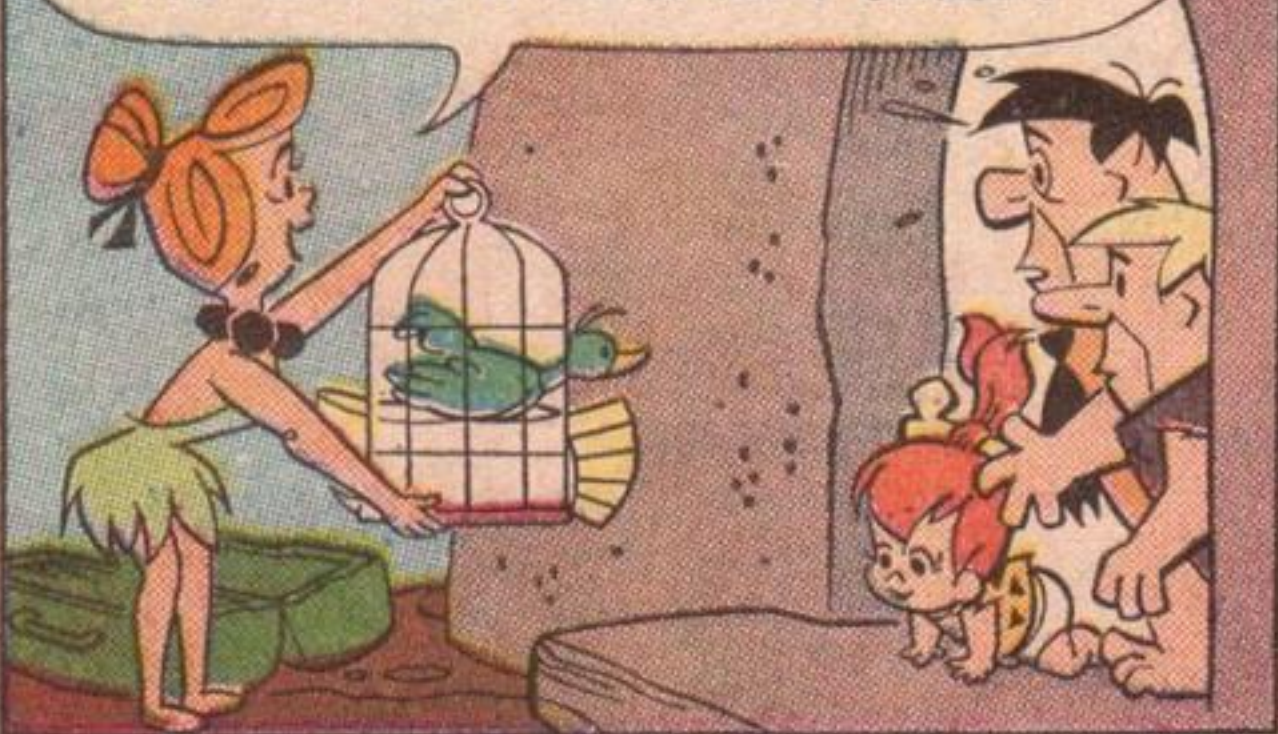
OH, SURE, SURE!
YOU CAN
SEARCH ME!



THAT'S GOOD — JUST WAIT UNTIL
I SHOW YOU WHAT I BOUGHT!

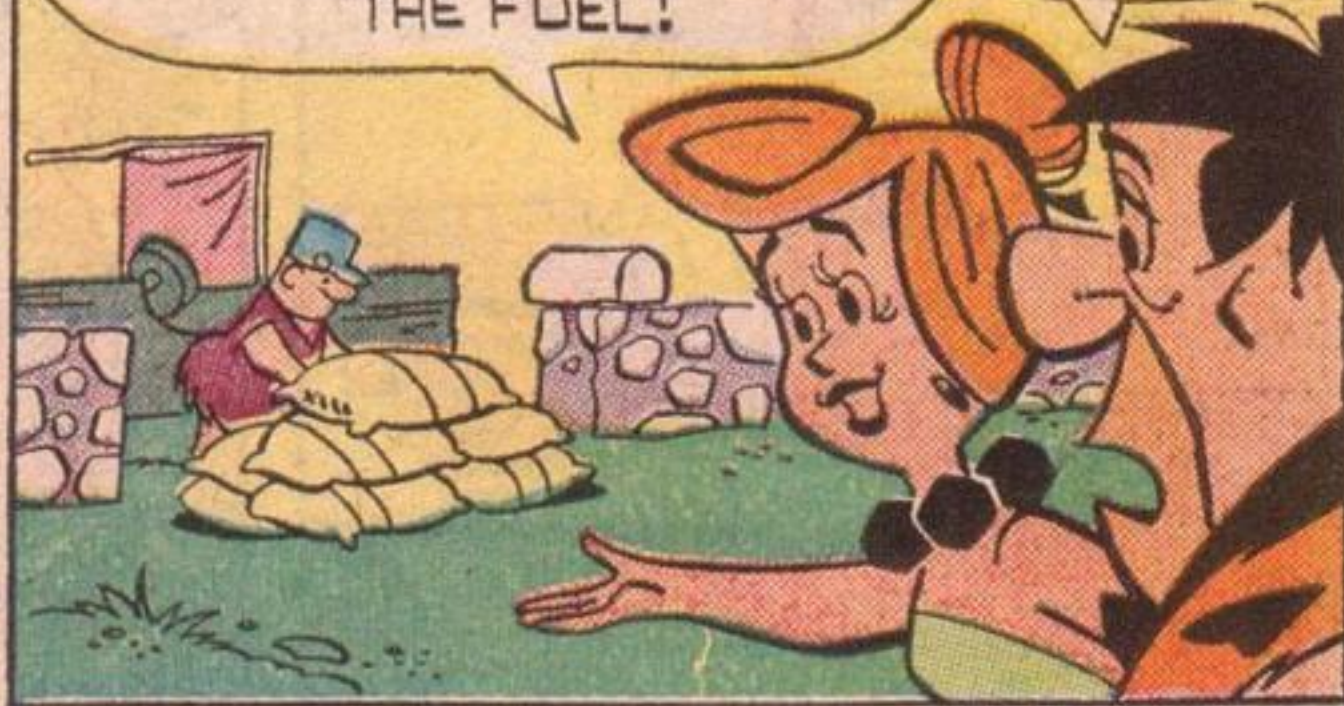


A HAIR DRYER! JUST WHAT I'VE
BEEN WANTING... I FOUND IT AT
THE WHITE DINOSAUR SALE!



BUT I'M AFRAID THAT I
RAN SHORT OF CASH! YOU
WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR
THE FUEL!

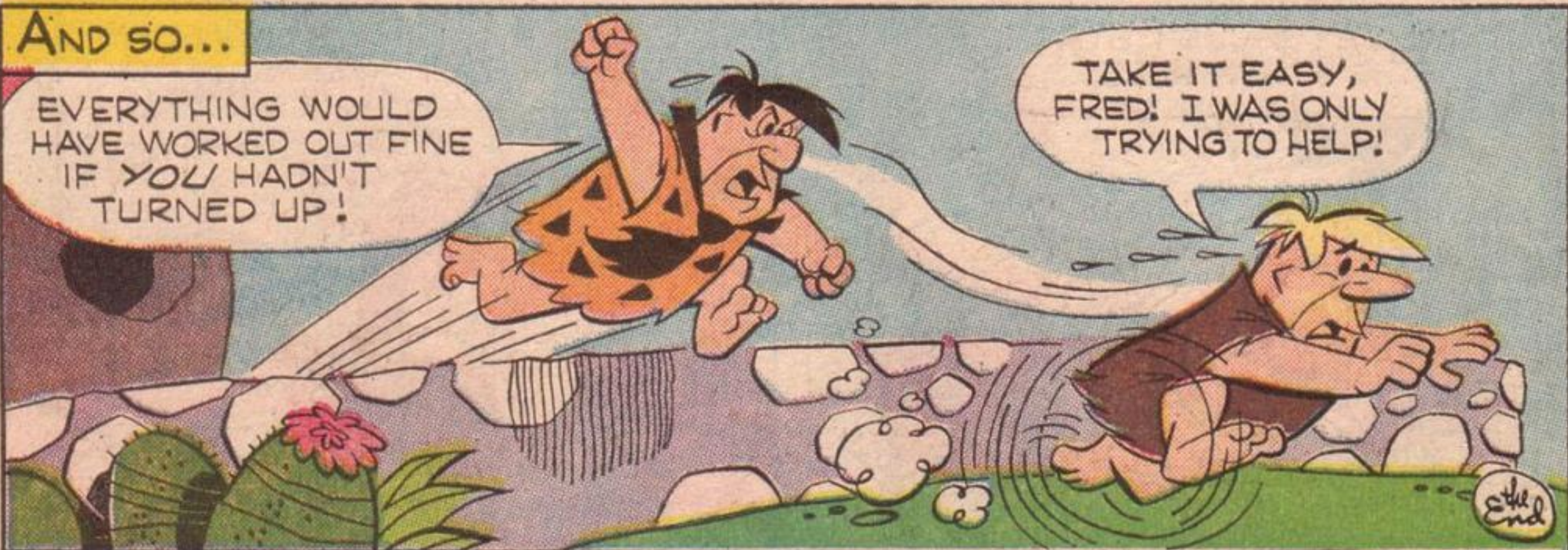
AWK!



AND SO...

EVERYTHING WOULD
HAVE WORKED OUT FINE
IF YOU HADN'T
TURNED UP!

TAKE IT EASY,
FRED! I WAS ONLY
TRYING TO HELP!



THE END

THE WOODN'T WHISTLE

JUST ONE MINUTE, PEBBLES, AND DADDY WILL HAVE YOUR WHISTLE FINISHED!

ABBA DABBA GOO!

THERE YOU ARE! NOW LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN BLOW IT!

HEY! IT DOESN'T MAKE A SOUND! BLOW HARDER!

GLEEP!

DOWN, BOY! DOWN!

YIPP! YIPP!

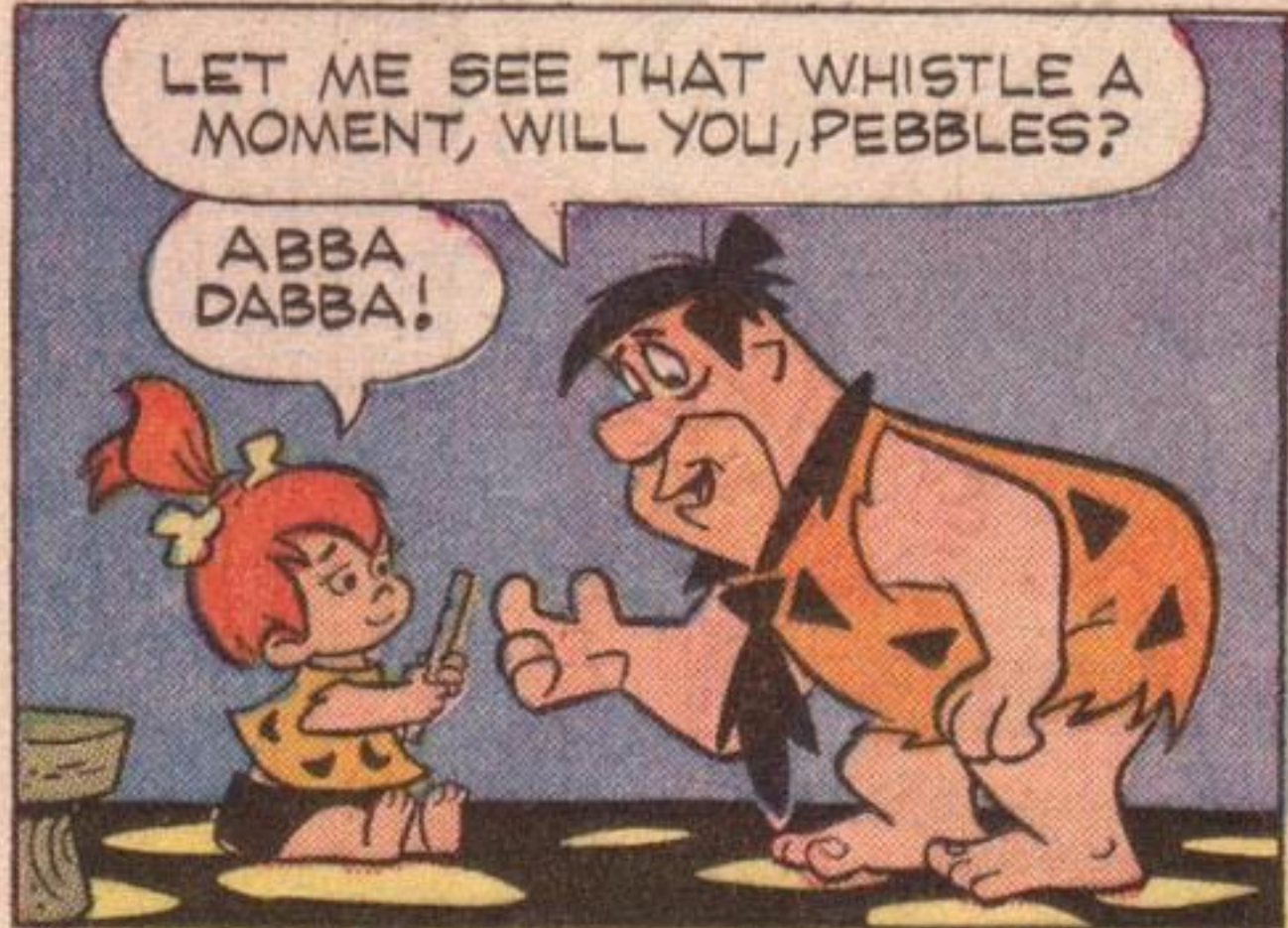
CRASH!



YOU GET BACK OUTSIDE, DINO!
NOBODY CALLED YOU!



BUT WAIT — MAYBE
SOMEBODY DID AT THAT!



LET ME SEE THAT WHISTLE A
MOMENT, WILL YOU, PEBBLES?

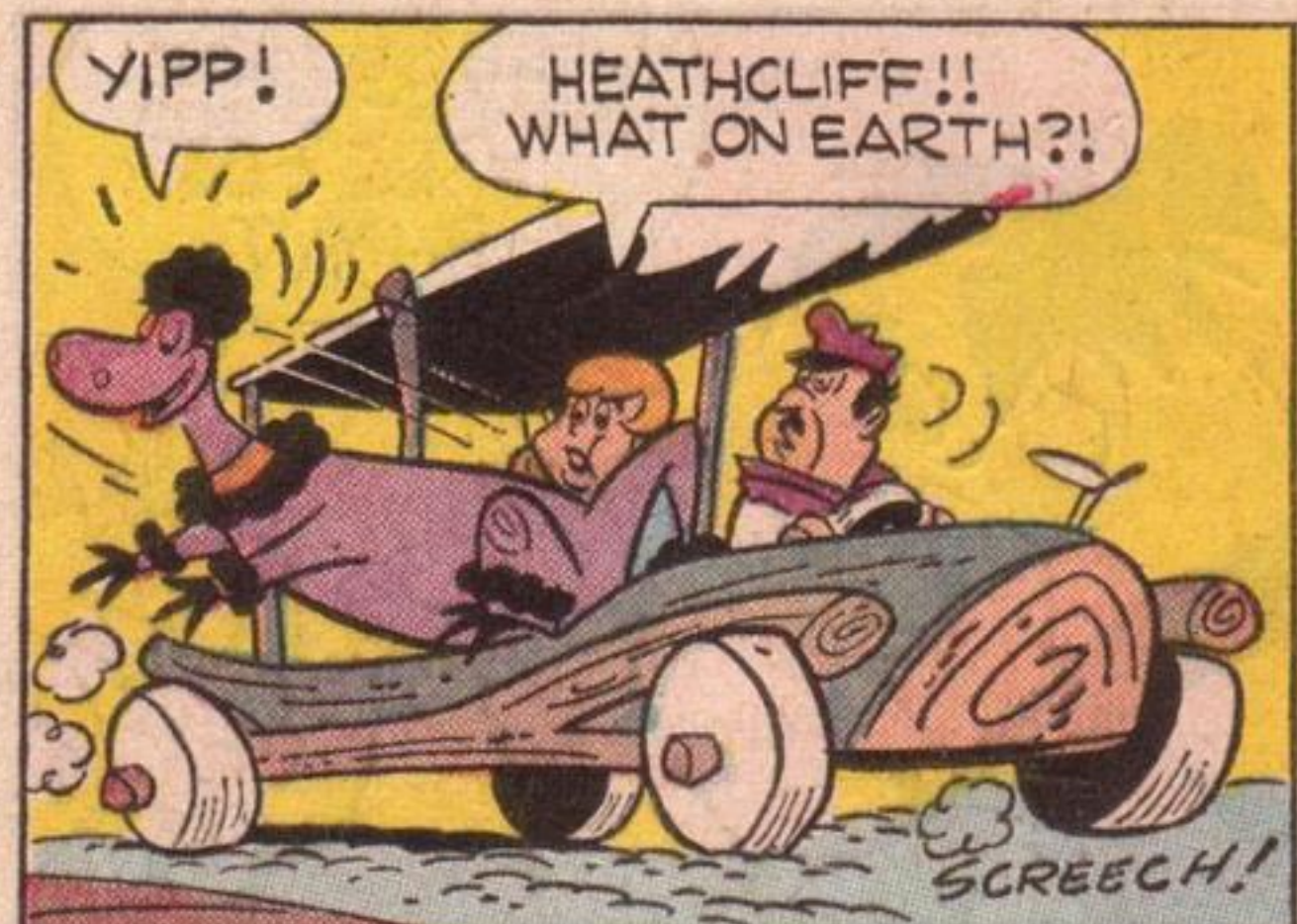
ABBA
DABBA!



MAYBE THIS IS ONE OF THOSE
WHISTLES THAT DINO CAN HEAR
AND I CAN'T! WE'LL
SOON FIND OUT!



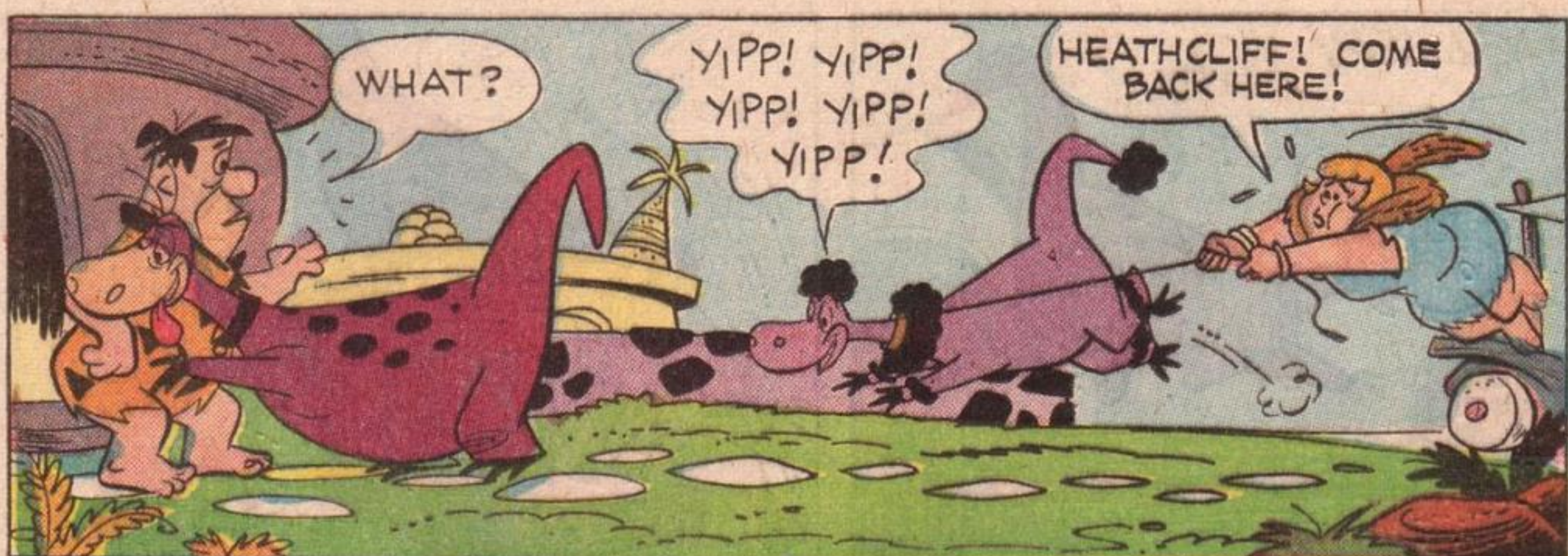
GLEEP!



YIPP!

HEATHCLIFF!!
WHAT ON EARTH?!

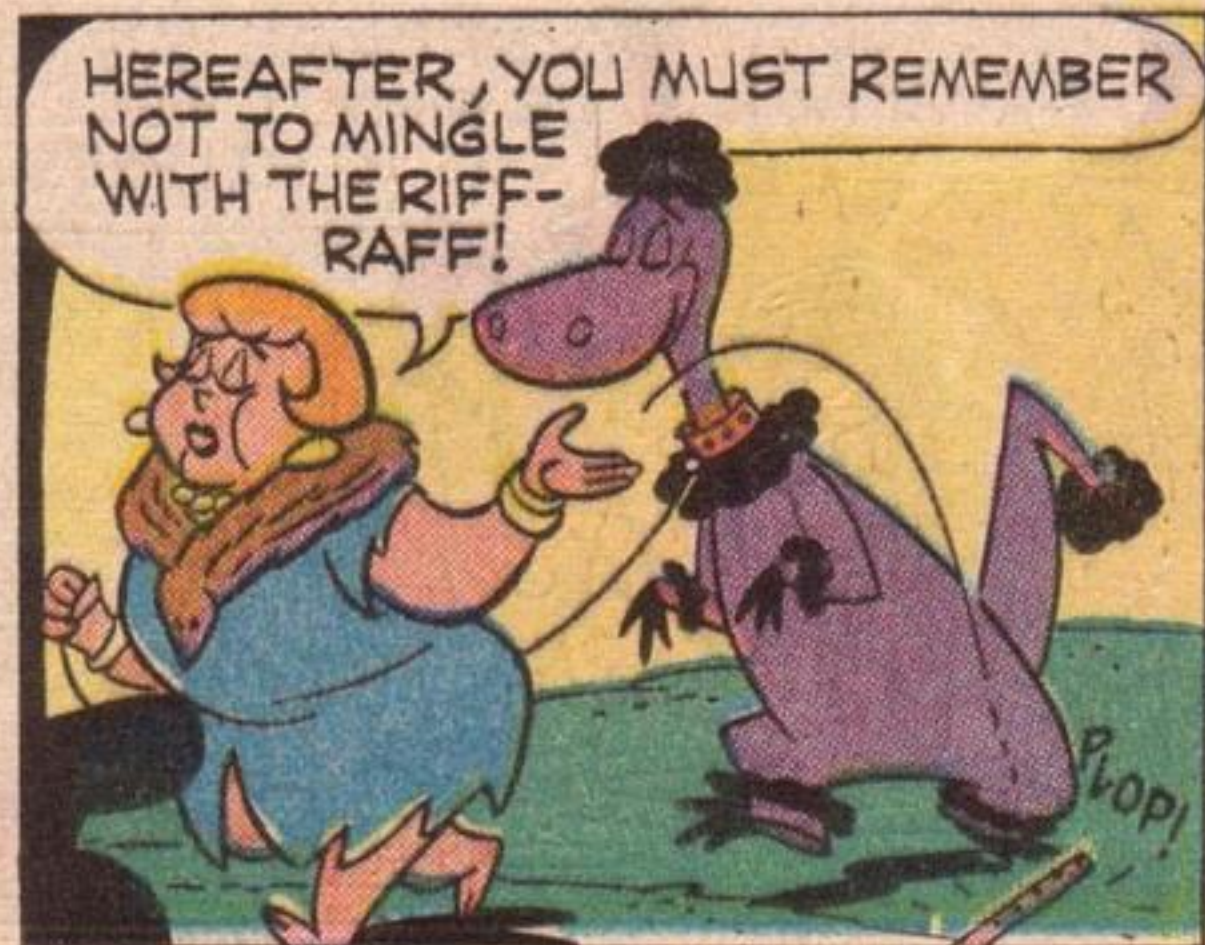
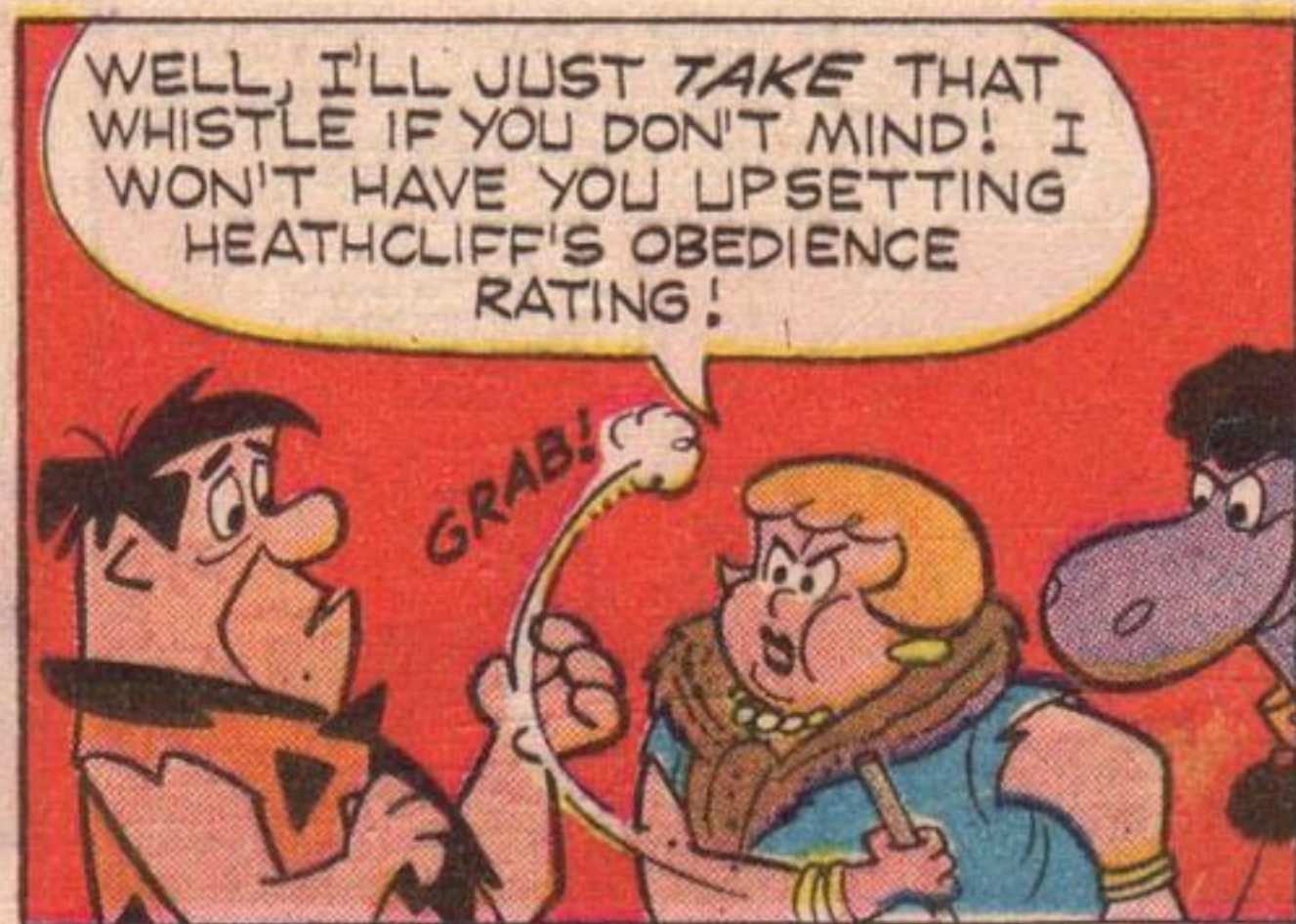
SCREECH!



WHAT?

YIPP! YIPP!
YIPP! YIPP!
YIPP!

HEATHCLIFF! COME
BACK HERE!





RIFF-RAFF, EH?
THAT BURNS
ME UP!



IF YOU ONLY HAD A PEDIGREE TO GET IN,
YOU WOULD WIN FIRST PRIZE AT THAT
PET SHOW, WOULDN'T YOU, DINO?

PAT! PAT!

GLEEP!



JUST ONE MINUTE, JEEVES!
IF THIS SILENT WHISTLE
REALLY WORKS, WE CAN
PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

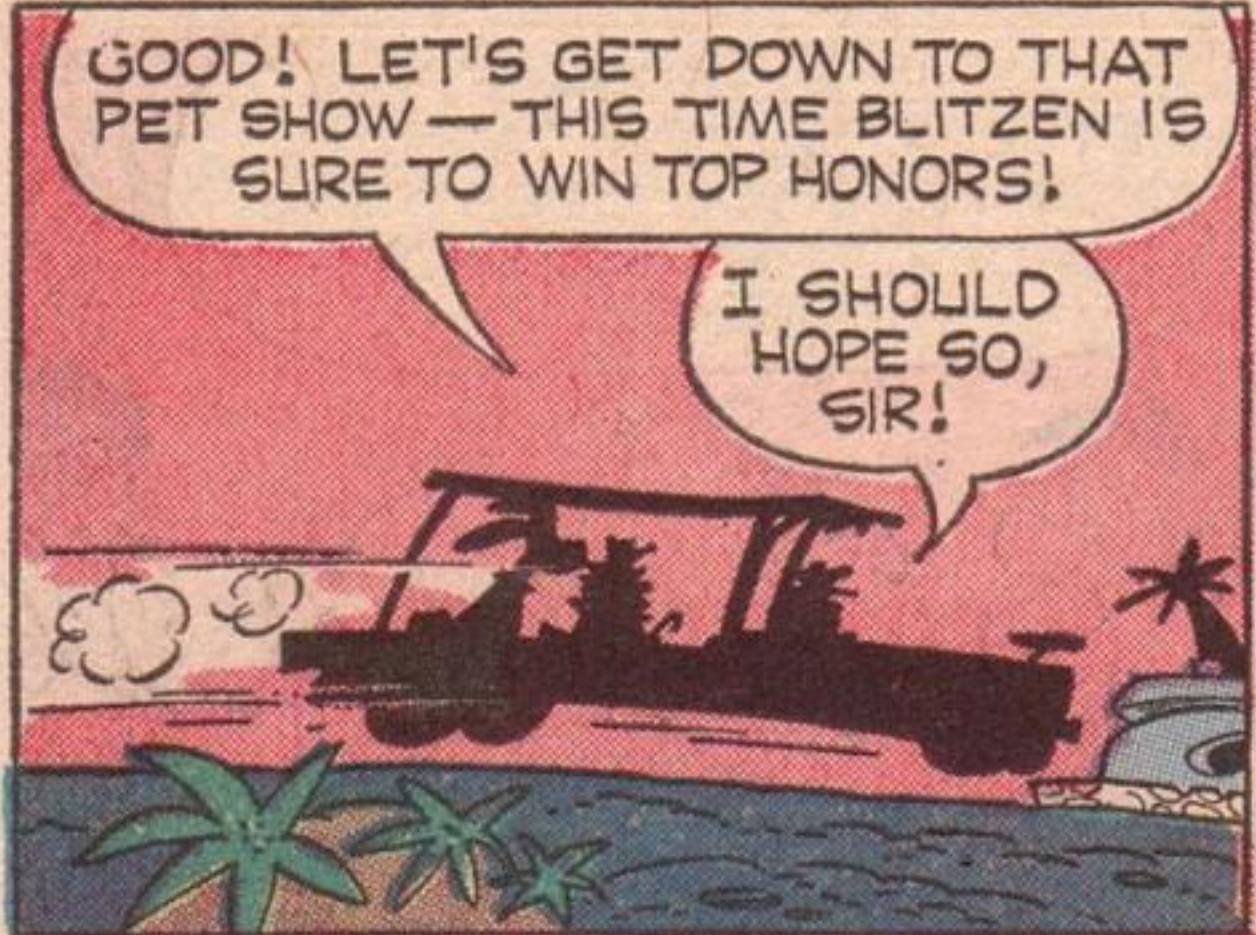
IF YOU
SAY SO,
SIR!



ONE QUIET
BLAST
SHOULD
DO IT!

BLEP!
BLEP!

DOWN, BLITZEN!
DOWN... SHE
RESPONDS
FINE, SIR!



GOOD! LET'S GET DOWN TO THAT
PET SHOW — THIS TIME BLITZEN IS
SURE TO WIN TOP HONORS!

I SHOULD
HOPE SO,
SIR!



MEANWHILE...

I'M SORRY ABOUT THE
WHISTLE, BUT MRS.
GOTROCKS THREW IT
AWAY, PEBBLES!

OOGA
WHOO!



WAAAAAH!

OKAY, OKAY! AS SOON AS
WE FIND IT WE'LL BRING
IT TO YOU, PEBBLES!

SNIFF!
SNIFF!



HEY, DINO!
COME BACK
HERE!

YIPP!
YIPP!
YIPP!

BACK AT THE PET SHOW...

BEDROCK
PET SHOW

EVERYTHING IS ALL SET!
REMEMBER YOUR
INSTRUCTIONS, JEEVES!

YOU CAN
DEPEND ON
ME, SIR!

SO, 10 SECONDS LATER...

PUFFF!

GLEEP!

GLUP!

YIPP!

STOP,
PETUNIA!

HEATHCLIFF!
COME BACK!

GLEEP!

STAY!

GLIP!

BEDROCK
PET SHOW

COME BACK!
COME BACK!

GLEEP! GLIP! YIPP!
VOOM!

YIPP! YIPP!
YIPP! YIPP!

WHOOSH!

GLOP!

CRASH!

BACK AT THE
PET SHOW...



JUST ONE MINUTE — I
THINK THE JUDGE IS
MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!



WE CAUGHT MR. FOSSILROCK'S
CHAUFFEUR LEADING THE DOGS
AWAY WITH THIS SILENT WHISTLE
— WATCH THIS...



SEE? THEY
THOUGHT THEY
WERE FOLLOWING
AN ORDER!



SO WHAT? LOOK AT BLITZEN HERE...
SHE'S *STILL* THE CHAMP! SHE DIDN'T EVEN
BUDGE WHEN YOU BLEW THAT PHONY WHISTLE!



GLEEP!

AHA! THAT'S WHY!
YOU HAD HER EARS
PLUGGED WITH
CORKS!



So...

MEET THE CHAMPS, FOLKS!
DINO NOT ONLY WON THE GRAND
PRIZE AT THE PET SHOW...THEY
EVEN GAVE HIM AN HONORARY
PEDIGREE!





Reader's Page DOODLES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.



girl



boy

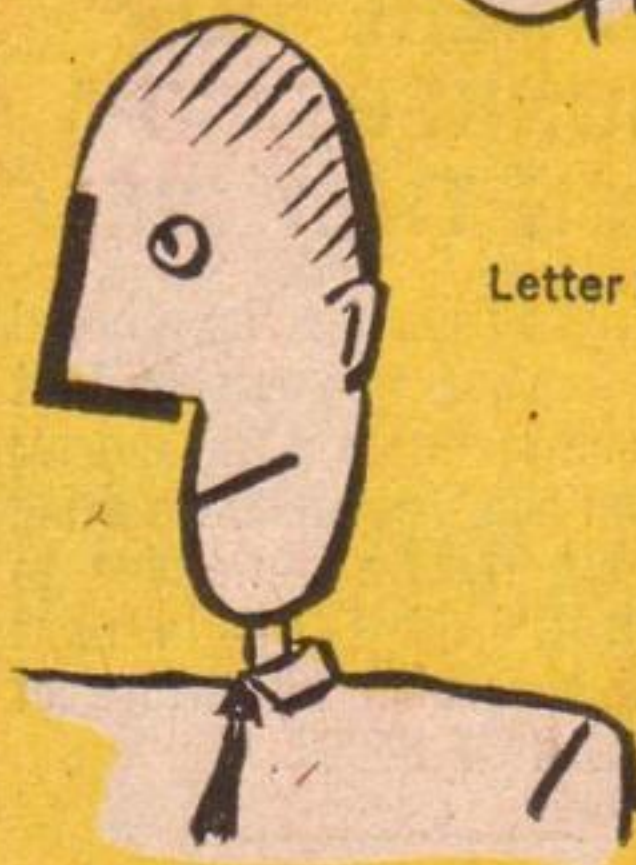
Cynthia Pincus
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil



Number 66



Letter C



Letter L

Frankie Sadar
Renton, Washington



Letter D



Number 9

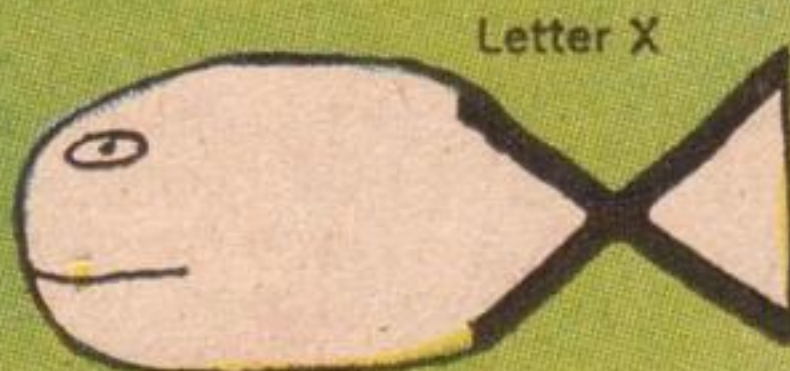


Squiggle

Dale Kowaleski
Bay City, Michigan]

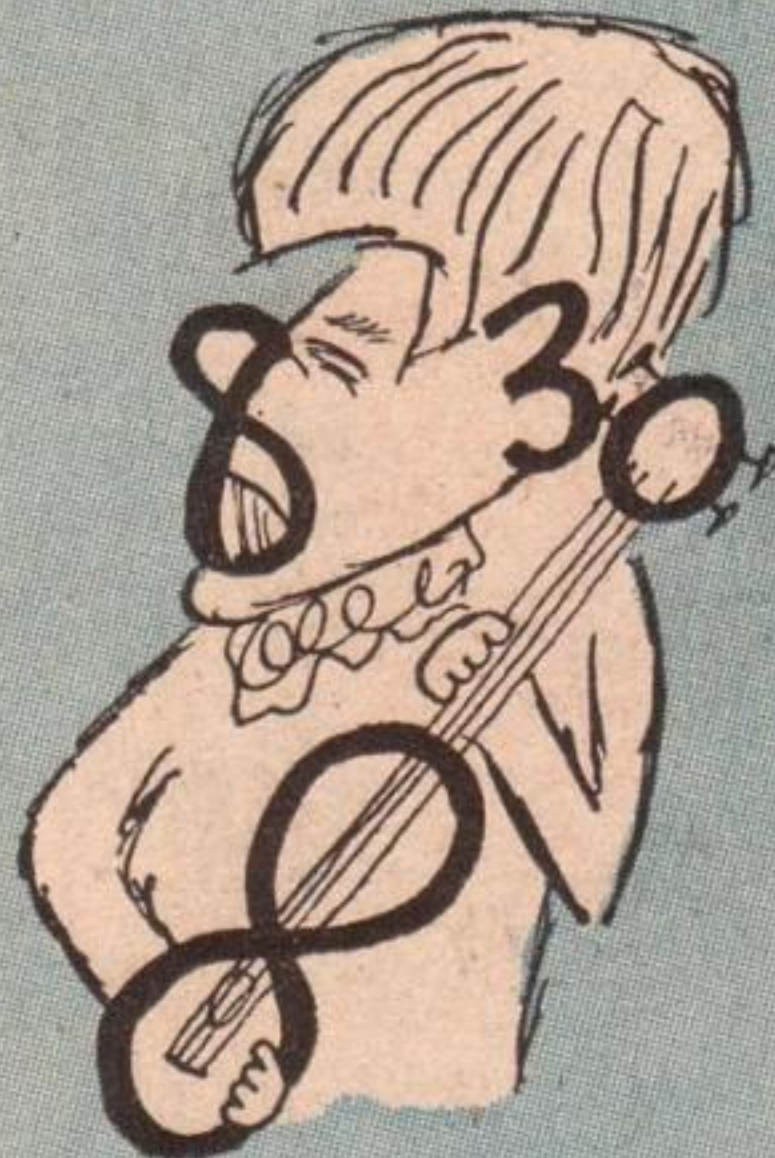


TOM



Letter X

Tom Cartolano
Wilmington, Delaware



Number 8308

Tom Oberlin
New Haven, Indiana

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS
ALL
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601



JOKES ON YOU



Policeman: Didn't you see that 25-mile per hour sign?

Lady: No, Officer, I was going too fast to see it.
Dana Smith—Evanston, Illinois

Riddle: What bow can't be untied?

Answer: A rainbow.

Susan Lee Martinson—Camarillo, California

Visitor: I wonder what that tiger would say if it could talk?

Zookeeper: It would probably say 'Pardon me, sir, but I'm a leopard.'

Sylvia Bryant—Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Chip: Don't you ever get tired of hearing yourself talk?

Roger: No, I never listen.

Kerry Grieser—Mission, South Dakota

Riddle: What did one arithmetic book say to the other?

Answer: I've got problems.

Laurie MacLeod—Petawawa, Ontario, Canada

Teacher: How would you punctuate this sentence: "I saw a five-dollar bill on the sidewalk."

Jimmy: I'd make a dash after it.

Russell Shinn—Boise, Idaho

Mr. A: Is your water supply healthy?

Mr. B: Certainly, we only use well water.

Kevin Neal Jackson—Natalia, Texas

Riddle: Why don't carpenters believe in stone?

Answer: Because they never saw it.

John MacKay—Florence, Massachusetts

Riddle: Why does lightning shock people?

Answer: Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Mark Hiscock—Stamford, Connecticut

Riddle: What nut is like a sneeze?

Answer: A cashew nut.

Pattie Marie White—Stamford, Connecticut

Bobby: Hello. Yes. You don't say? Well, good-bye.

Mack: Who was that?

Bobby: He didn't say.

Leo Pilon—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Riddle: What must you pay to go to school?

Answer: Attention.

Tina Lim—Oakland, California

Riddle: What is the best butter in the world?

Answer: A goat.

Tricia Powell—San Jose, California

She: Let's exchange presents.

He: I always exchange yours.

Mark Nicholson—Laurel, Maryland

Tourist: This looks like a good river for fish.

Fisherman: It sure is. I can't get any of them to come out.

Myra Oria—New York, New York

Riddle: How did the firefly feel when he ran into a fan?

Answer: He was delighted.

Darrel Green—St. Charles, Virginia

Riddle: What fish is man's best friend?

Answer: Dogfish.

Carol Joellenbeck—Mascoutah, Illinois

Teacher: I told you to draw a ring. That's a square you drew.

Tommy: I know—it's a boxing ring.

Steven Ewing—Arlington, Kansas

Riddle: Why do you forget a tooth after it is pulled?

Answer: Because it goes right out of your head?

Beverly Hart—E. Cleveland, Ohio

Mother: Marvin, did you put the light out?

Marvin: How would I know? It's too dark to see.

Doreen Ransford—Toledo, Ohio

Riddle: When is a boat affectionate?

Answer: When it hugs the shore.

James Toretta—Asbury, New Jersey

Riddle: What is the hardest thing about learning to ride a bicycle?

Answer: The pavement.

Kerry Miller—Mosers River, Nova Scotia, Canada

© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper •

No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS
ALL
MAIL TO:

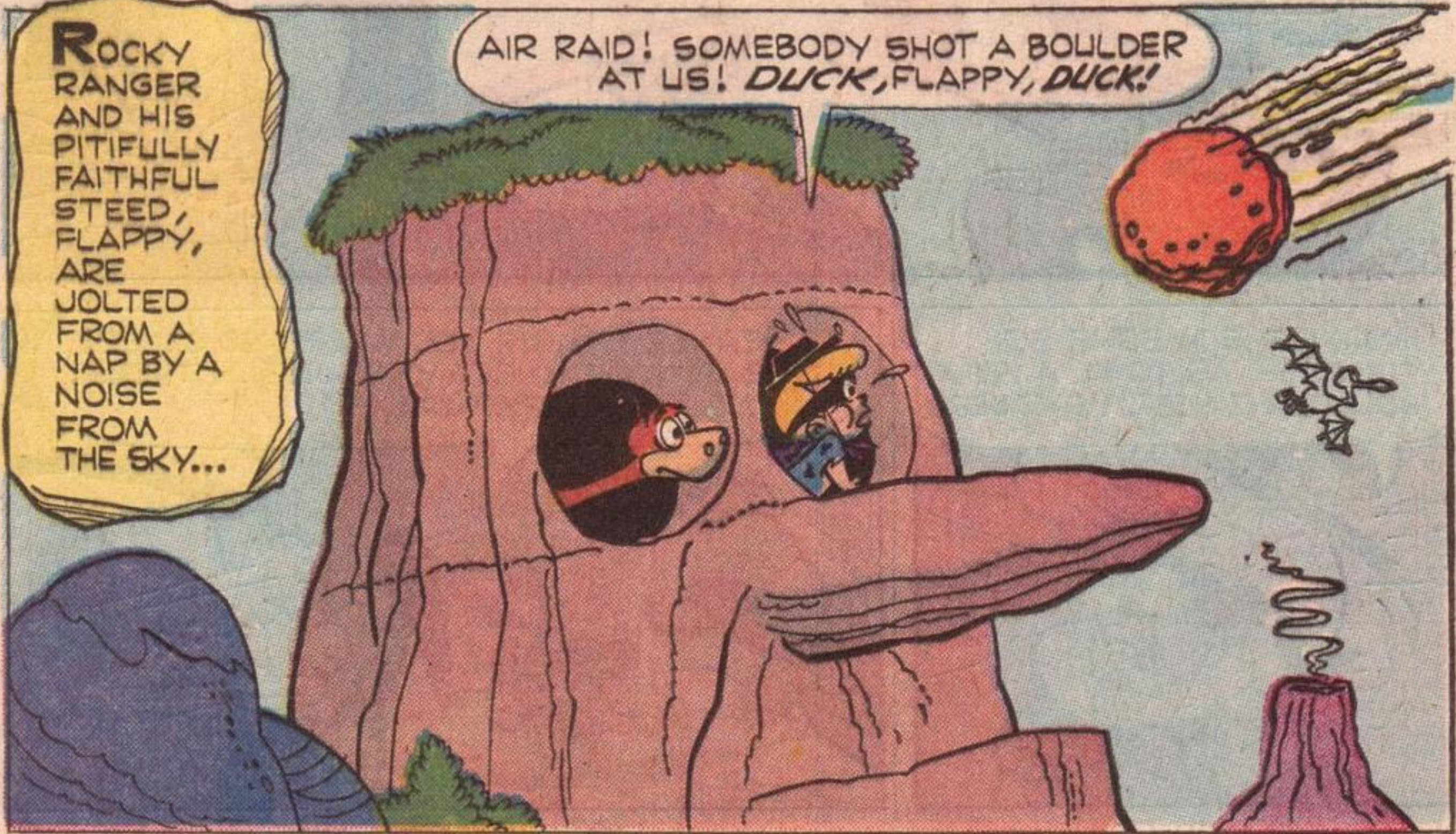
GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.
NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

BOULDER BLITZ

ROCKY RANGER AND HIS PITIFULLY FAITHFUL STEED, FLAPPY, ARE JOLTED FROM A NAP BY A NOISE FROM THE SKY...

AIR RAID! SOMEBODY SHOT A BOULDER AT US! *DUCK, FLAPPY, DUCK!*



SQX!



C'MON... LET'S SEE WHO THE BIG, BAD, BOULDER-ZINGER IS!

GRKX!



IT CAME FROM *THIS* DIRECTION! AND A BOULDER-TWANGER BIG ENOUGH TO HURL *THAT* BOULDER WILL BE HARD TO HIDE!

FLAP!

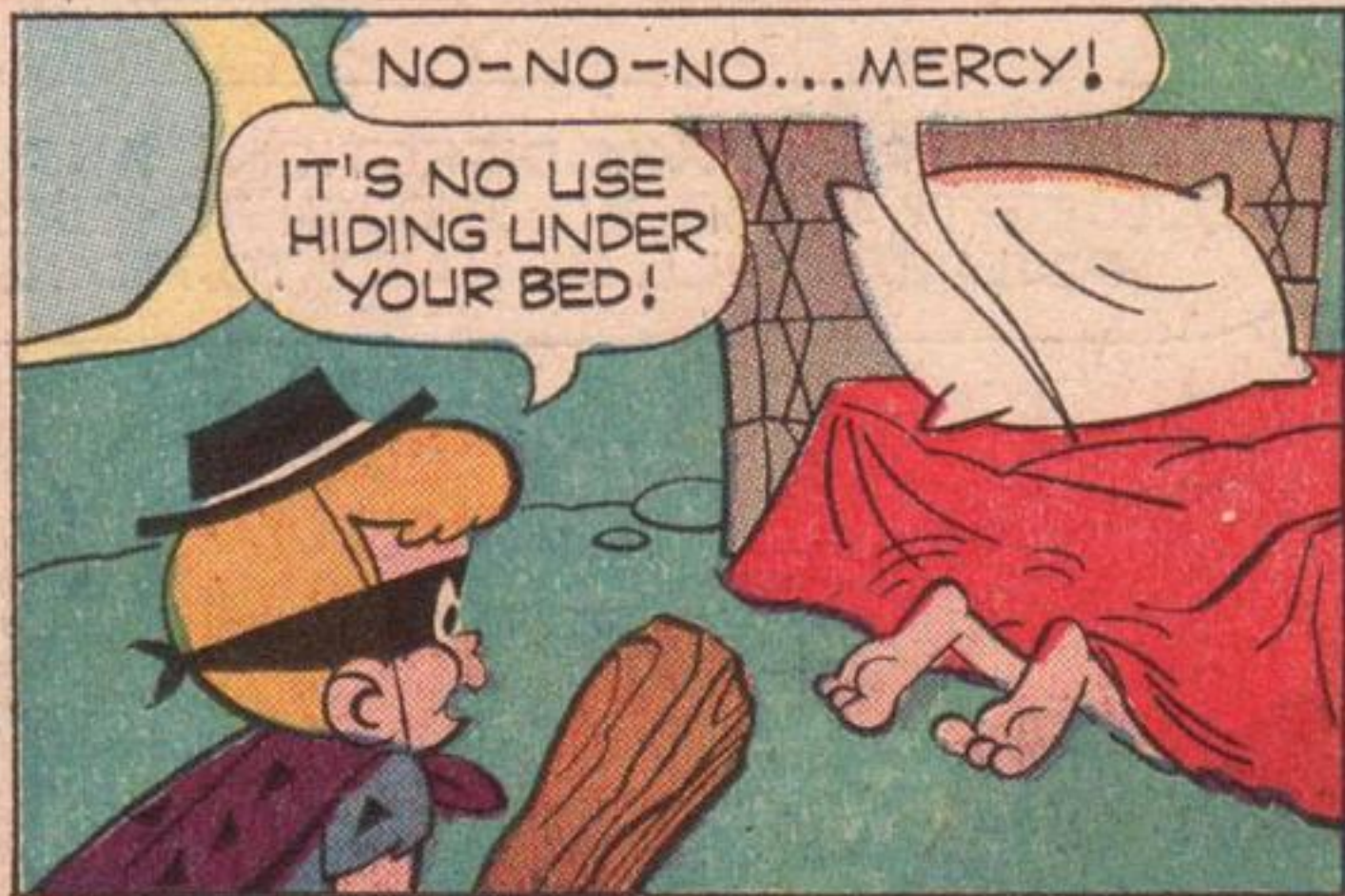
FLAP!

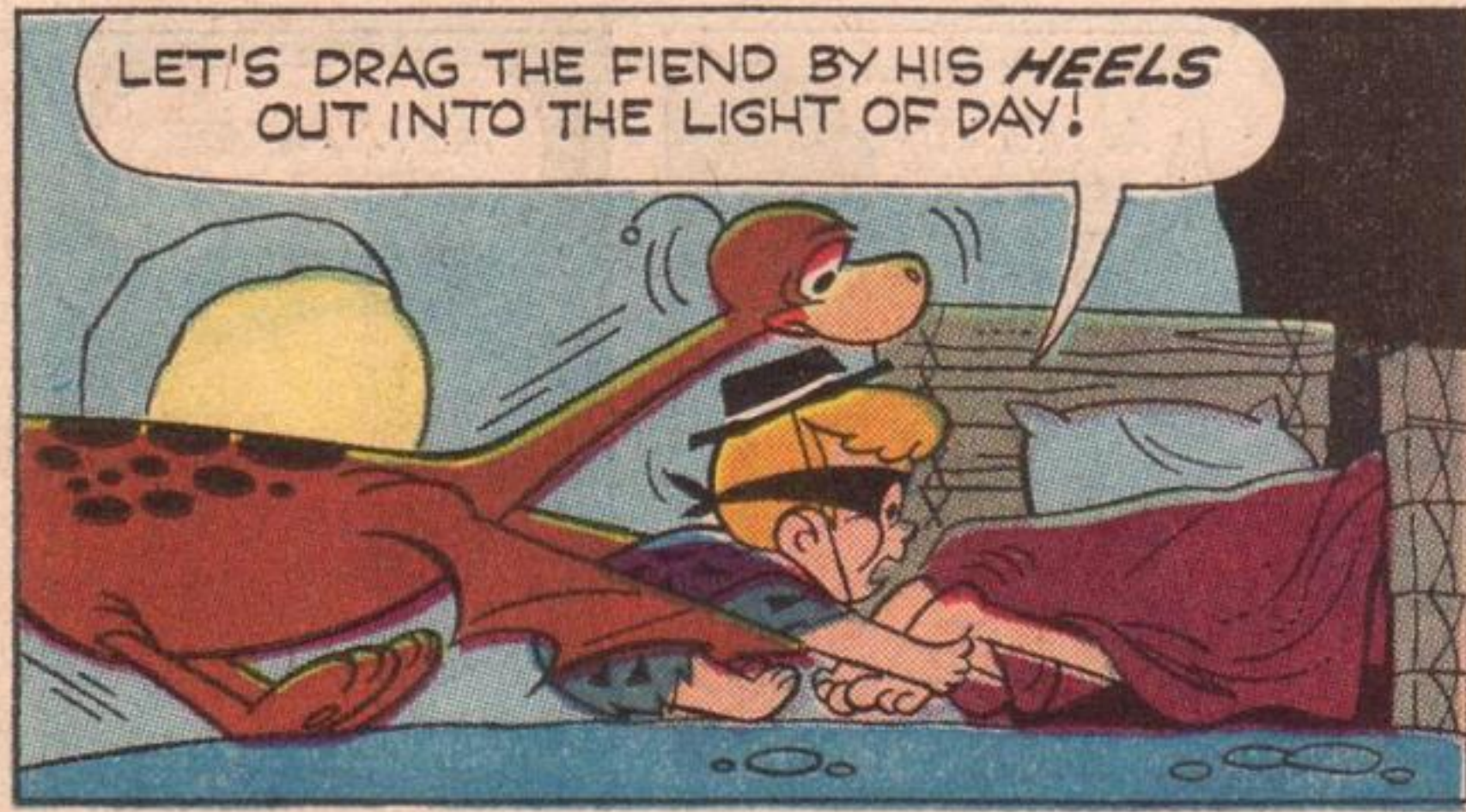
FLAP!

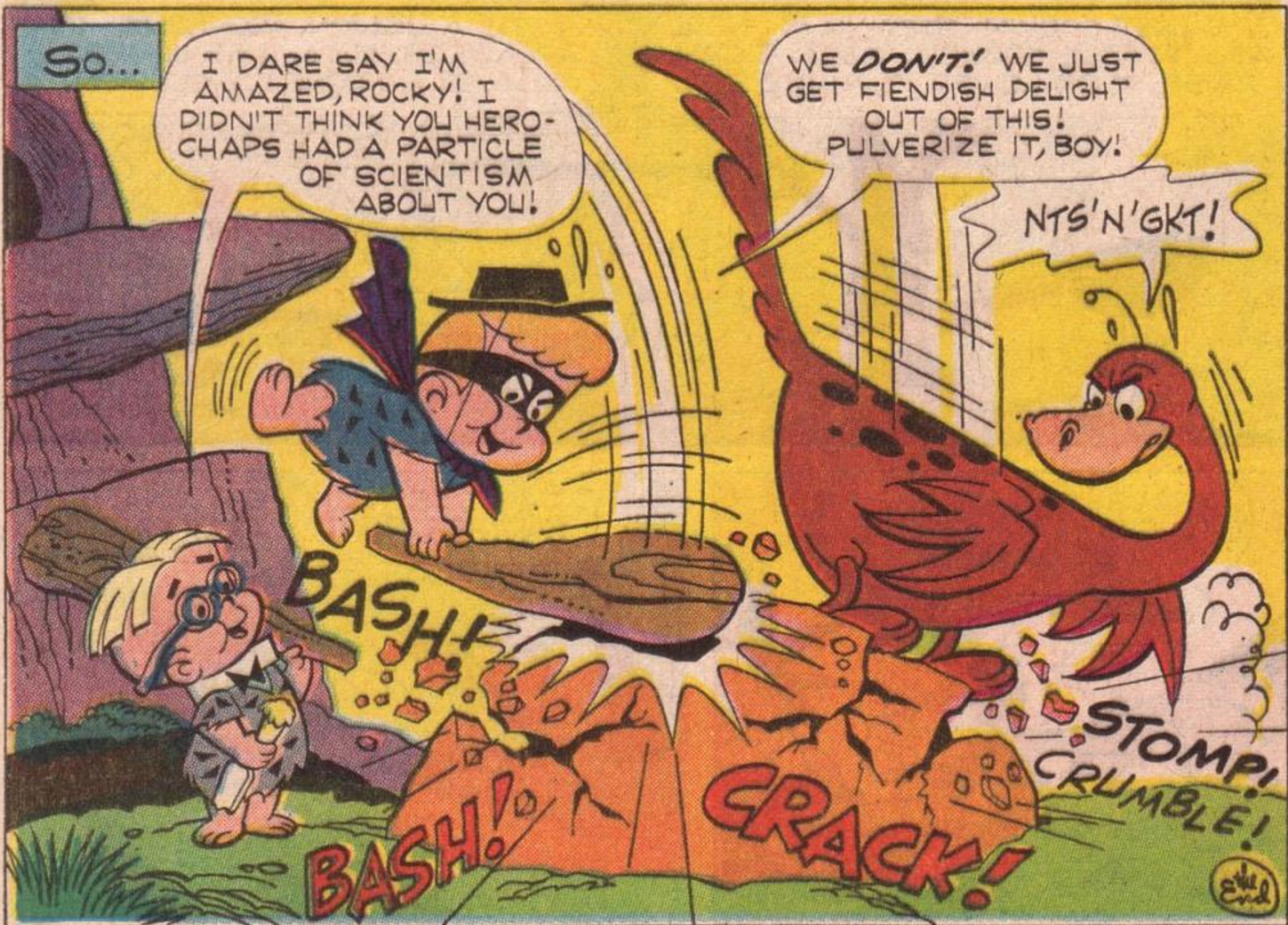
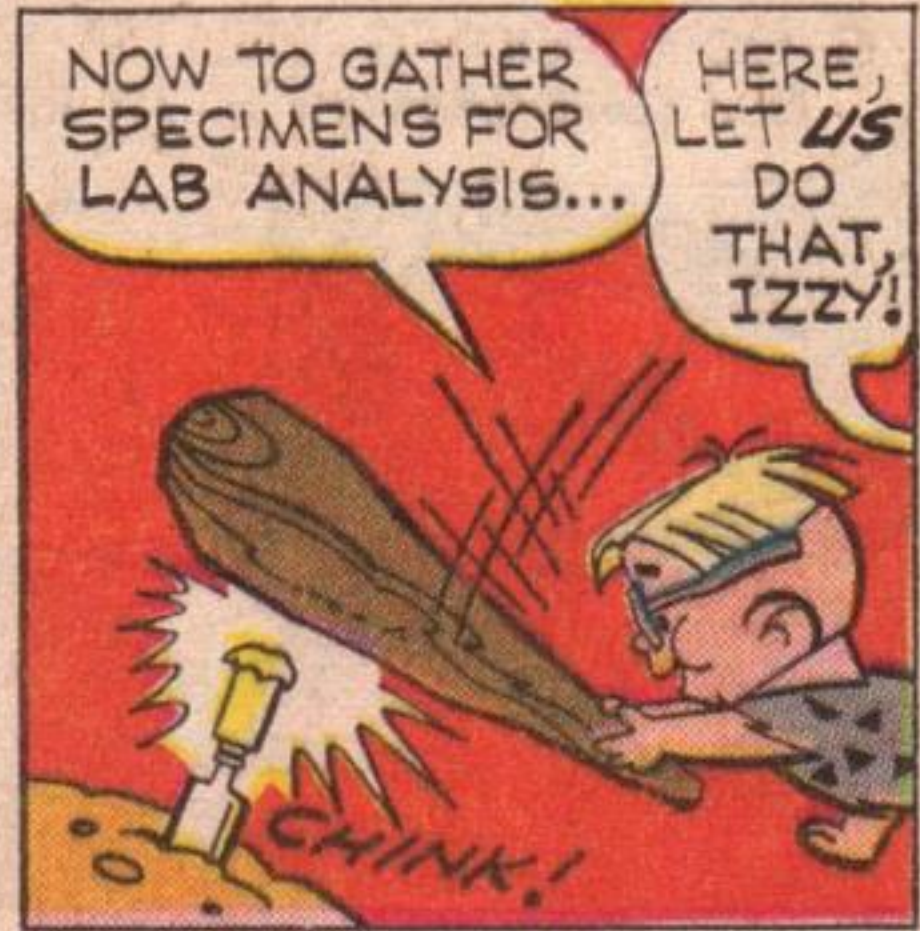
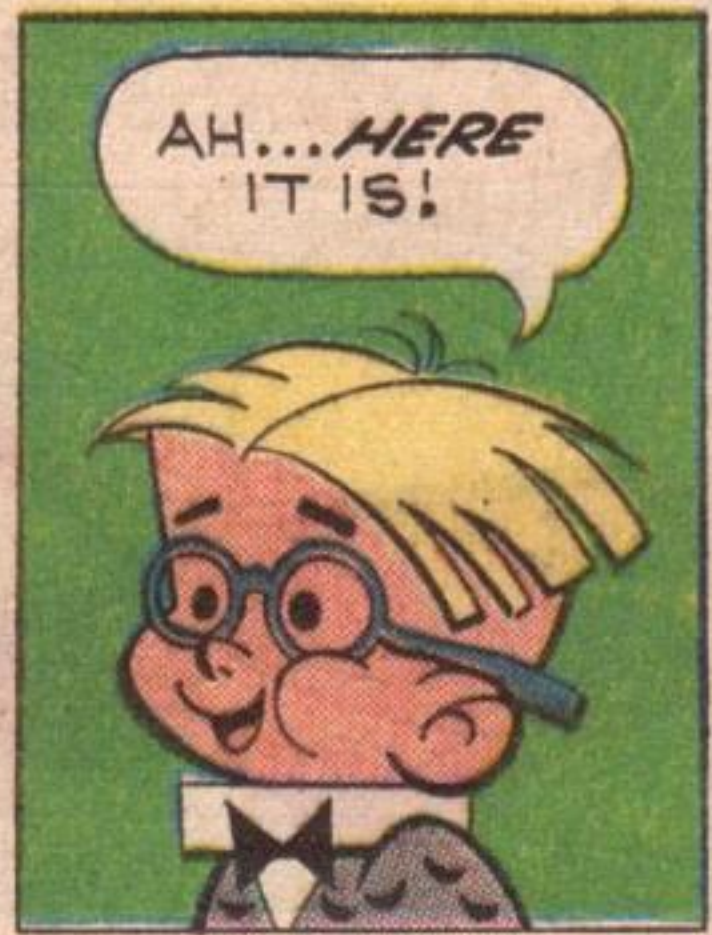


AHA! *THERE'S* THE WEAPON!

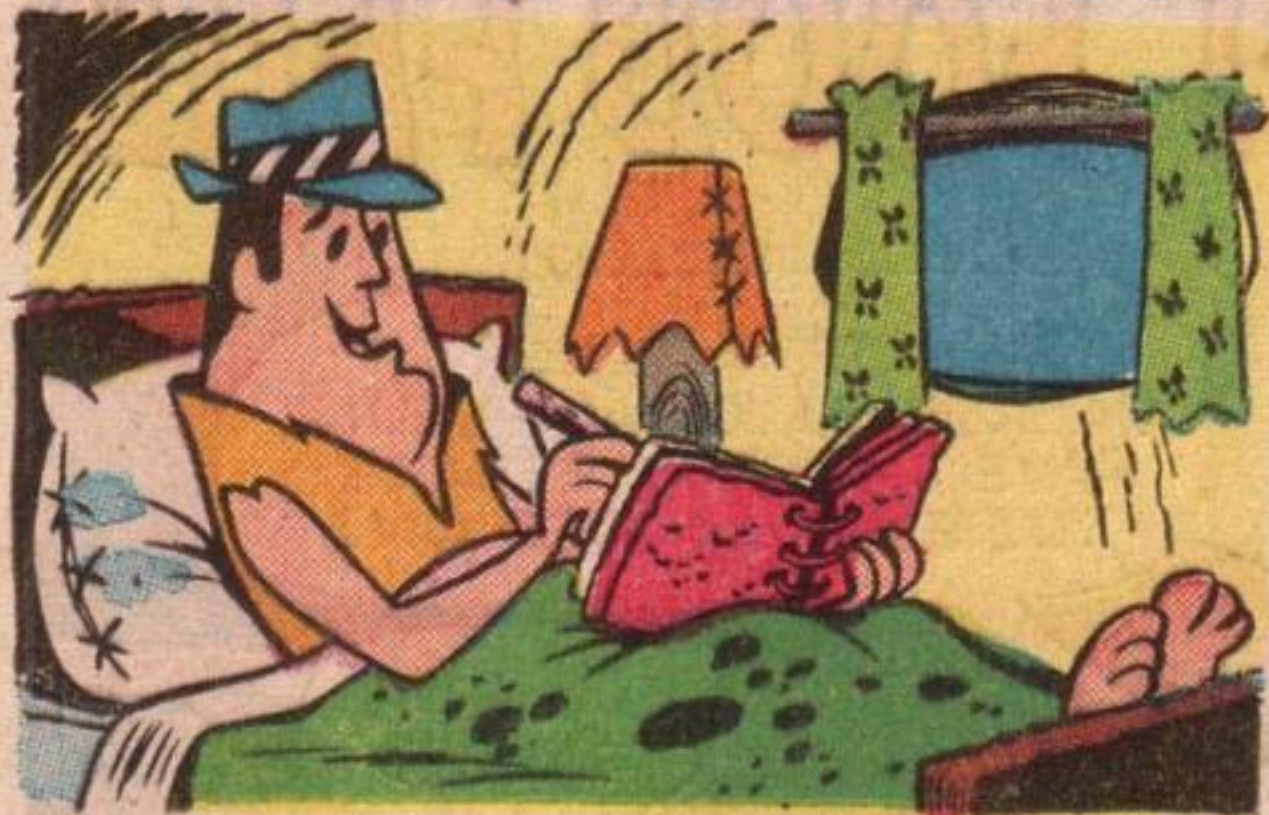








DIARY OF A PRIVATE EYE



8:20 A.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a ten-thousand-dollar reward.

8:30 A.M.—The alarm clock woke me up from my dream. Jumped out of bed.

8:36 A.M.—Stubbed toe on edge of bed as I rushed across room to turn off alarm.

8:36 to 8:55 A.M.—Cried and yelled.

8:56 A.M.—Threw alarm clock out.

9:00 A.M.—Put two three-minute eggs on to cook for my breakfast.

9:30 A.M.—Took the eggs off the stove and ate them. Tasted slightly overdone.

9:52 A.M.—Strapped on my gun and my badge and put on my hat. Left my apartment to go to the office.

9:52½ A.M.—Ran back to apartment. Took off my bathrobe and put on my suit.

10:10 A.M.—Arrived at the office and began my day's work.

4:45 P.M.—Just finished my fifth crossword puzzle . . . a pretty good day's work.

4:46 P.M.—A man walked into my office with a very big case for me.

4:52 P.M.—Case closed. The man opened it and filled my cooler with twenty-four bottles of soda pop.

5:29 P.M.—Started to slam the office door. Another day over. Slammed the door on Mrs. Winthrop's. Gotdough's foot.

5:29 P.M. to 6:11 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about her sore foot.

6:11 P.M. to 6:40 P.M.—She cried and yelled a lot about losing her pet puppy. Offered me a hundred-dollar reward to find the lost puppy.

6:40¼ P.M.—Started looking for puppy.

9:30 P.M.—Combed the city looking for the dog. Broke all the teeth in my comb.

9:42 P.M.—Saw a poodle and grabbed it. Found out it belonged to a very tall man with a very short temper. He hit me in the mouth for grabbing his poodle.

9:43 to 10:00 P.M.—Cried and yelled a lot. New teeth cost money.

10:20 P.M.—Began searching the woods on edge of town. Saw a cute black puppy with a white stripe down its back. Grabbed it and discovered it wasn't a puppy at all.

10:30 P.M.—Rushed home and burned my suit. Had to!

11:00 P.M.—Put on clean suit and then hurried to Mrs. Gotdough's house.

11:15 P.M.—Told Mrs. Gotdough that I could not find her puppy. She told me that she hadn't said "puppy," she had said "guppy" and that she'd found it a few minutes earlier. It was swimming with her other two thousand and four guppies in her huge fish tank. She explained she must have miscounted the fish that afternoon.

11:15 to 11:30 P.M.—I cried and yelled a lot. All that work . . . for nothing!

11:45 P.M.—Went home and to bed.

11:51 P.M.—Captured a gang of international smugglers and received a reward of ten thousand dollars!

THE GREAT FOOD FEUD

IT ALL STARTED
OVER A LITTLE
BACKYARD
ARGUMENT...



NOW, JUST A TOUCH OF
SAURUS SAUCE, AND YOU'LL
HAVE THE BEST STEAKS
YOU EVER GNAWED ON!

SAURUS
SAUCE?

DO YOU WANT TO RUIN FOUR
PERFECTLY GOOD STEAKS?
I ALWAYS USE *TIGER* SAUCE!

HEY!

GRAB!



WHO'S THE
CHEF HERE,
ANYWAY?

I'M ONLY TRYING
TO HELP! AFTER
ALL, WE HAVE TO
EAT THOSE
STEAKS!

GRAB!



HELP!? WHAT DO
YOU KNOW ABOUT
COOKING?

MORE THAN
YOU'LL
EVER KNOW,
BUSTER!

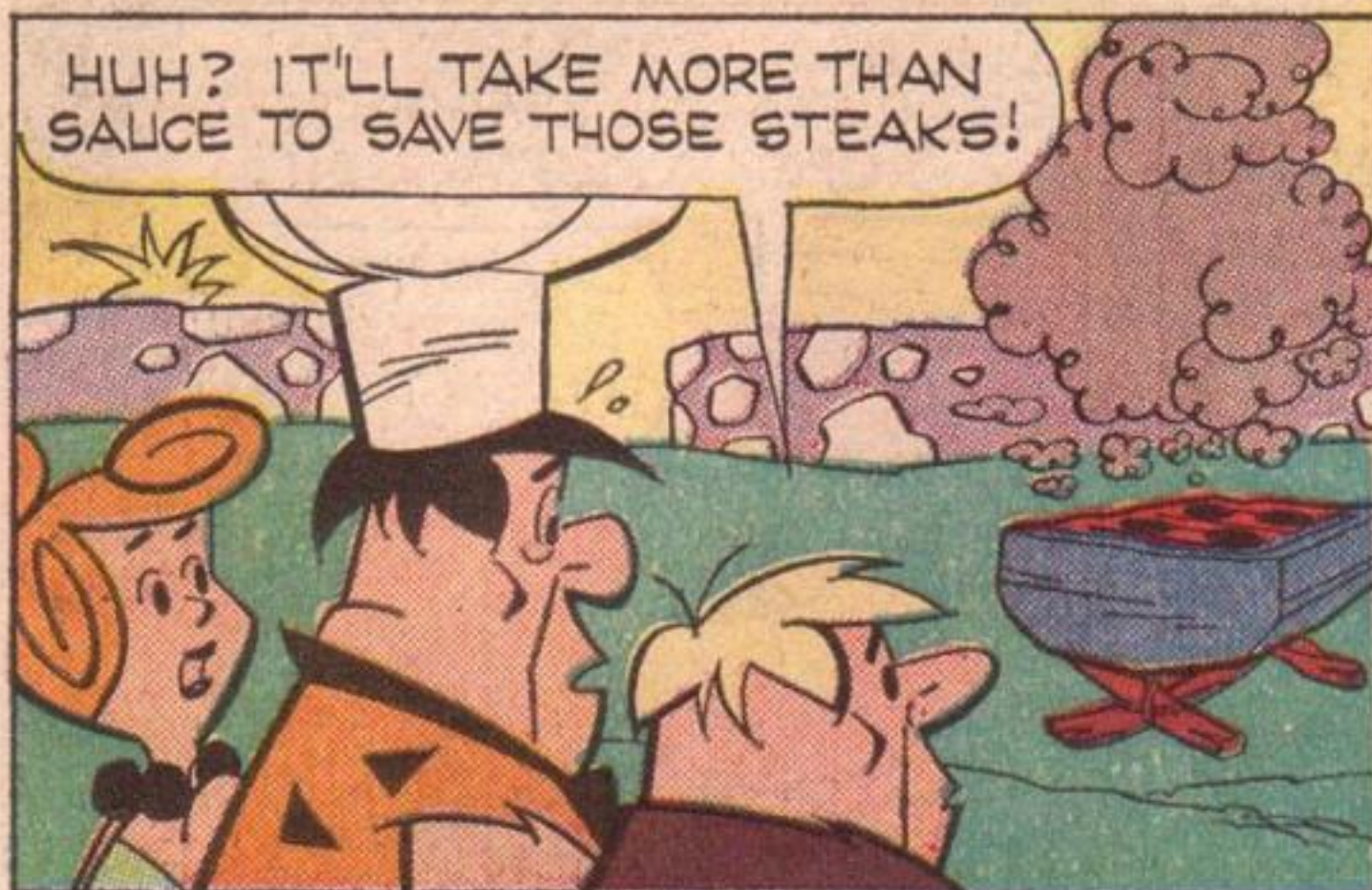


IS THAT SO? C'MON, WISE GUY!
I CHALLENGE YOU TO A COOKING
CONTEST! WINNER EAT ALL!

YOU'RE
ON!

?





HE WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN SORE IF YOU HADN'T INTERRUPTED WHEN I WAS GIVING HIM MY RECIPE FOR POACHED PTERODACTYL EGGS!

HUH? WHY DON'T YOU LEARN TO BOIL WATER FIRST?



LOOK! WE'RE STARVED! STOP AT THAT DRIVE-IN, AND DON'T EITHER OF YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTHS EXCEPT TO EAT!



LATER...

I'LL SHOW THAT BARNEY CHARACTER IF I CAN COOK OR NOT! I'M GOING TO OPEN A RESTAURANT!

OH, GO TO SLEEP, FRED! YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING!



I'LL SHOW FRED IF I CAN COOK OR NOT! I'M GOING TO OPEN A RESTAURANT!

OH, GO TO SLEEP, BARNEY! YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT IT IN THE MORNING!



BUT THEY DIDN'T!

GRAND OPENING

FRED'S STEAK HOUSE

NOW, YOU BOYS SHAKE HANDS, AND MAY THE BEST COOK WIN!

MEANING ME, OF COURSE!



GRAND OPENING

BARNEY'S BROILER

INCIDENTALLY, I READ WHERE THAT FAMOUS FOOD EXPERT, GLUTWELL P. LUSHLIVER IS IN TOWN! AN APPROVING WORD FROM HIM AND YOUR RESTAURANT IS MADE!

YOU DON'T SAY!



YES! HE TRAVELS AROUND INCOGNITO, TRYING OUT NEW RESTAURANTS! WE PHONED HIM ABOUT YOUR PLACES!

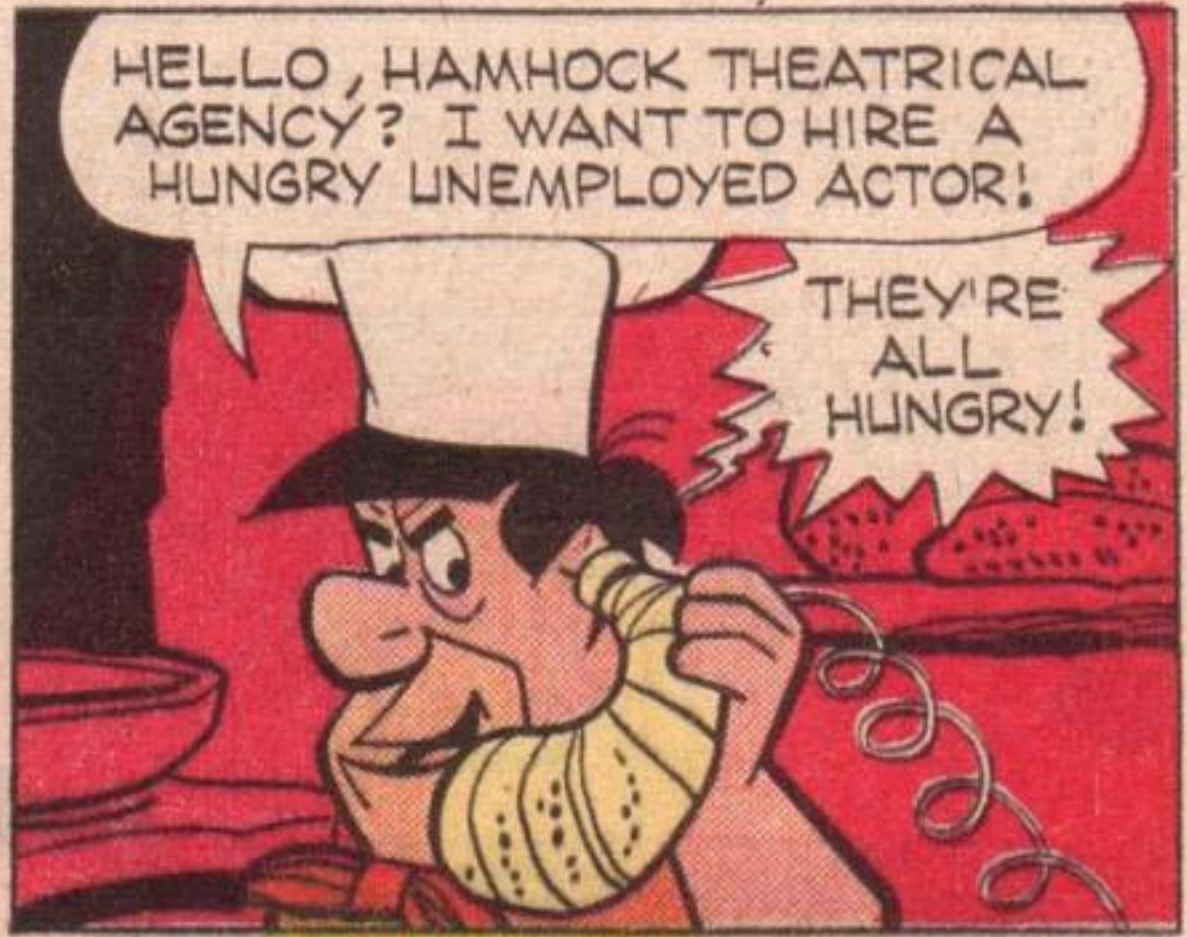
THANKS!

GOOD LUCK, BOYS!





HMM! I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE GLUTWELL DOESN'T GO TO MY RIVAL'S PLACE FIRST! NOT THAT I'M WORRIED, BUT ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS!



HELLO, HAMHOCK THEATRICAL AGENCY? I WANT TO HIRE A HUNGRY UNEMPLOYED ACTOR!

THEY'RE ALL HUNGRY!



I'M GOING TO GIVE FRIEND FRED SOME FREE WORD-OF-MOUTH ADVERTISING...

HELLO, BEDROCK EMPLOYMENT AGENCY? I'D LIKE TO PASS ON A WORD TO SOME OF YOUR UNEMPLOYED TRUCKOSAURUS DRIVERS!



SOON...

WELL, THERE'S A COLLECTION OF ENORMOUS APPETITES IF I EVER SAW ANY!

GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



ME AN' TH' BOYS GOT TH' WORD YOU'RE GIVING FREE MEALS ON YOUR OPENING DAY! RIGHT, BOYS?

F-FREE MEALS? ARE YOU SURE?

YUH!



SURE, WE'RE SURE! LOOK, FATTY, DO WE GET TH' FREE MEAL, OR NOT?

Y-YESSIR! OF COURSE, SIR!



MORE COFFEE!

ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE!

MY STEAK'S NOT RAW ENOUGH!

COMING UP, SIR!

WHEW! THOSE SUPER APPETITES ARE EATING ME OUT OF BUSINESS!





WE DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW THINGS WERE GOING!

WE NOTICE BARNEY'S CLOSED! HOW COME?

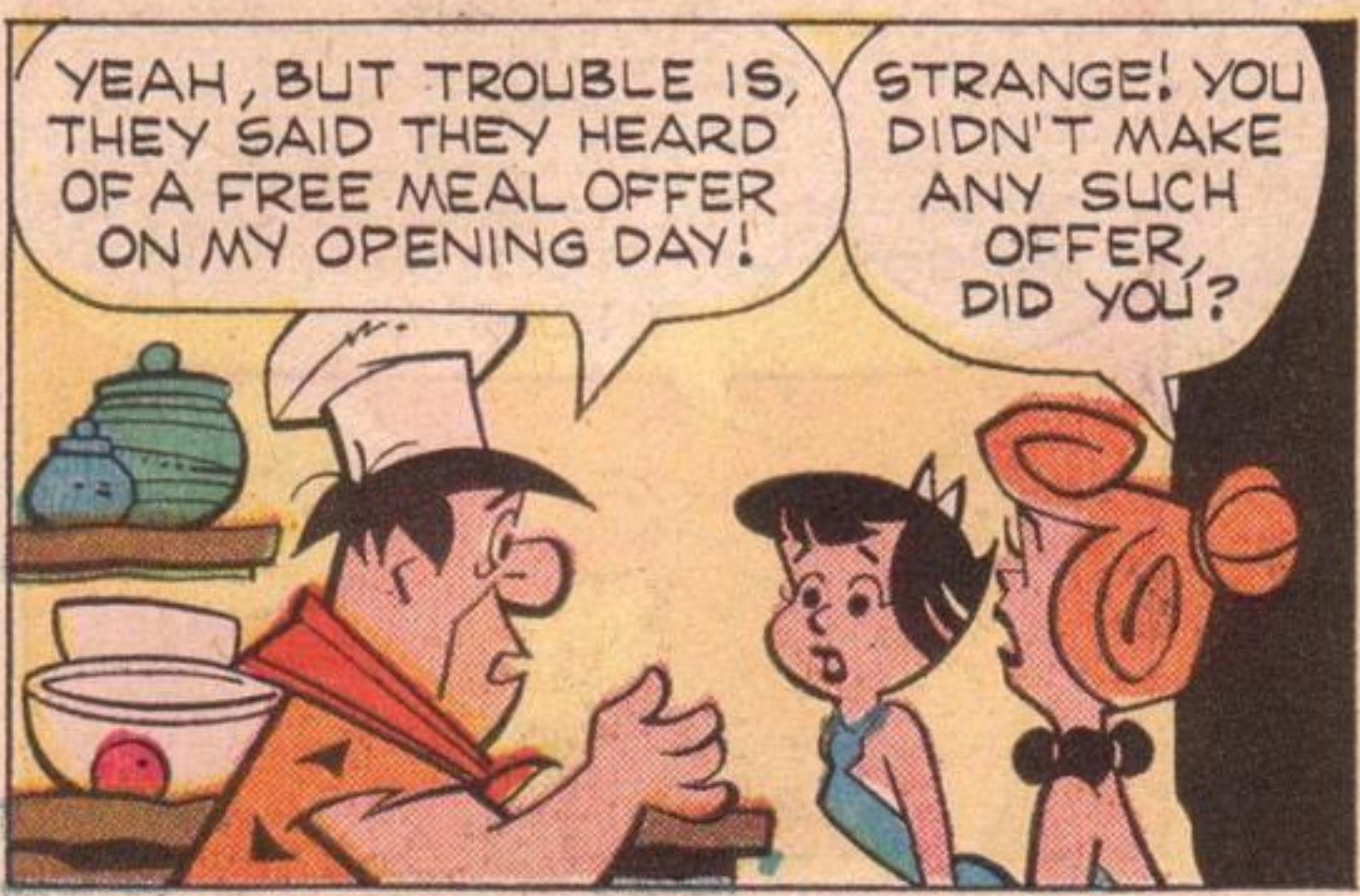
HI, GIRLS!



OH, HE HAS A SPECIAL GUEST TO TAKE CARE OF!

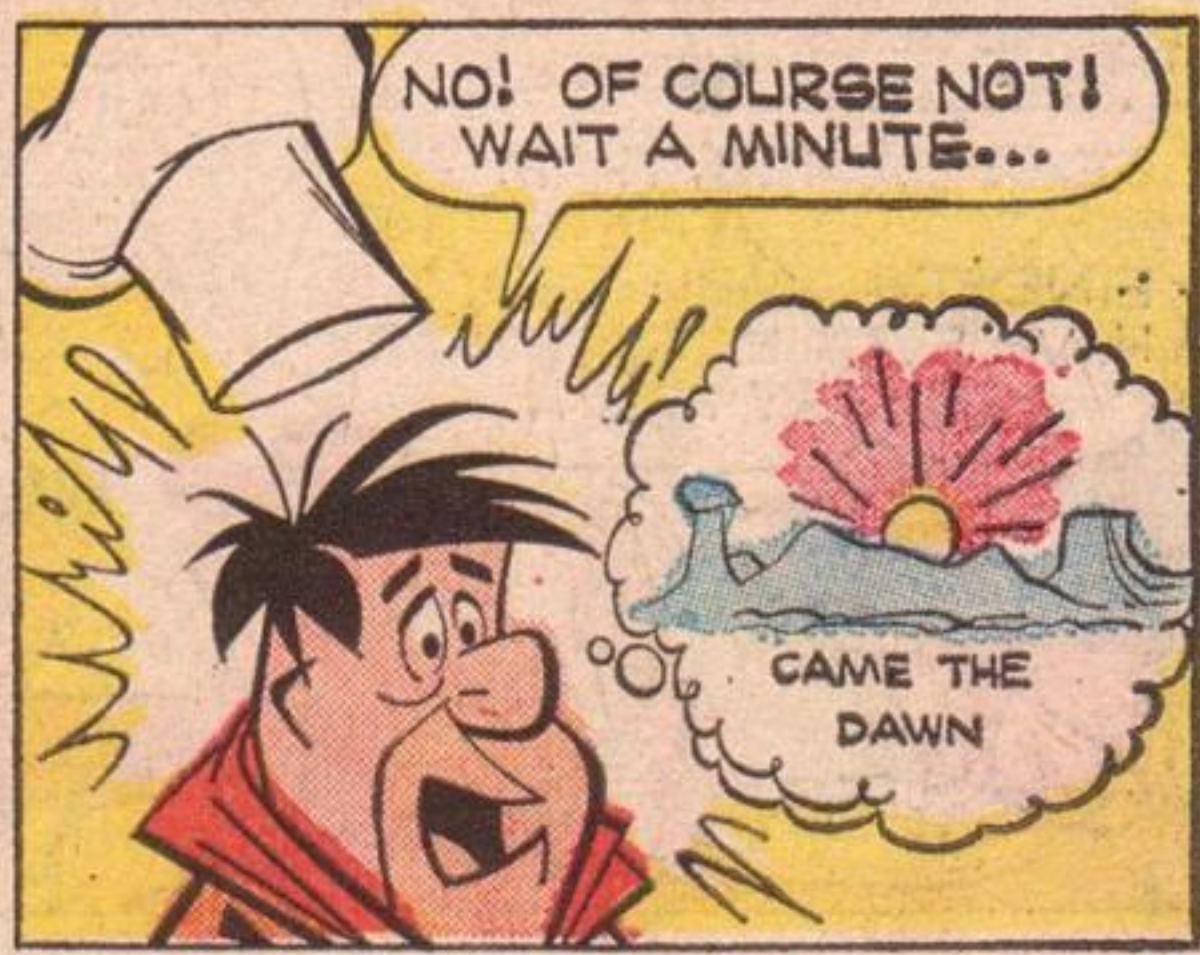
WELL, YOU SEEM TO BE BUSY!

CHOMP!
GULP!



YEAH, BUT TROUBLE IS, THEY SAID THEY HEARD OF A FREE MEAL OFFER ON MY OPENING DAY!

STRANGE! YOU DIDN'T MAKE ANY SUCH OFFER, DID YOU?

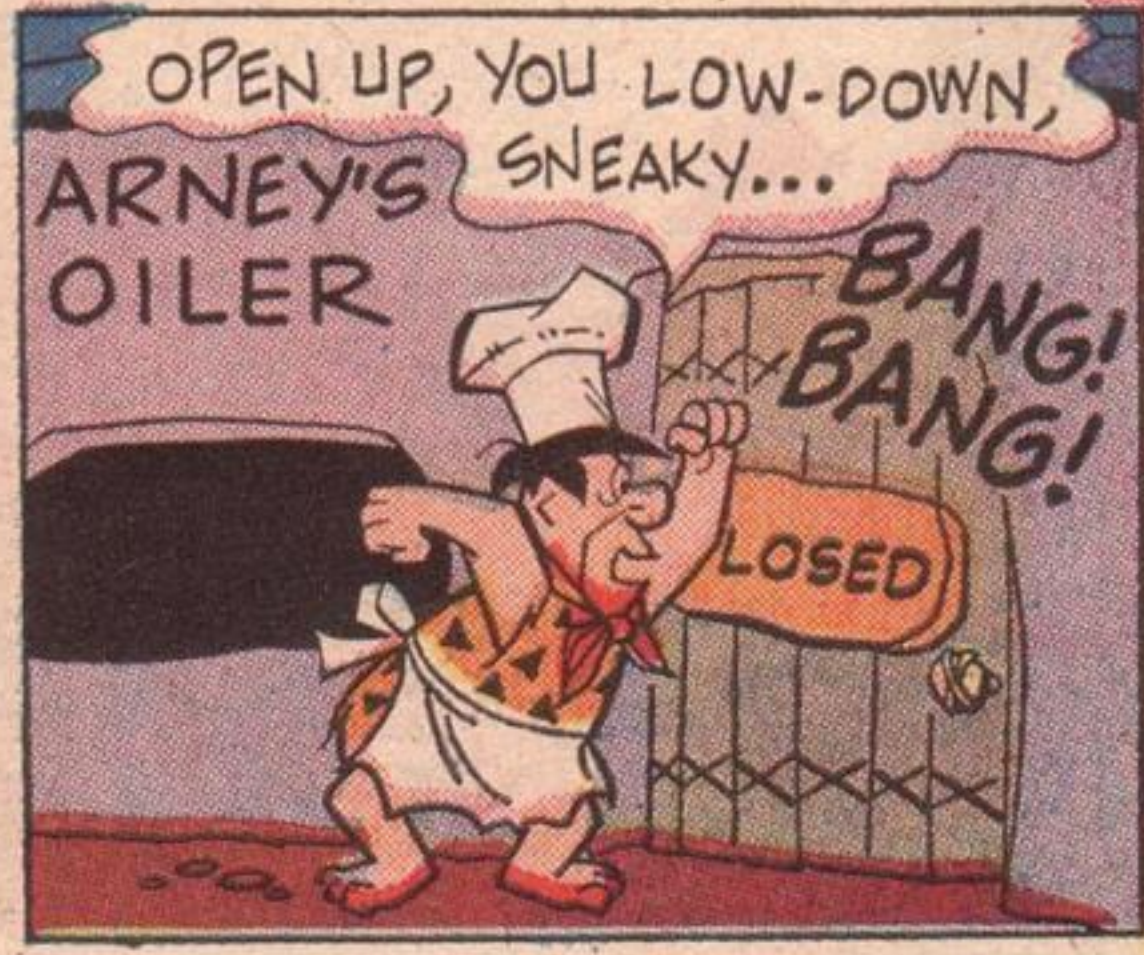


NO! OF COURSE NOT! WAIT A MINUTE...

CAME THE DAWN



WHY, THAT DOUBLE-CROSSING BARNEY! I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO PULL A DIRTY TRICK LIKE THAT!



OPEN UP, YOU LOW-DOWN, SNEAKY... ARNEY'S OILER

BANG!
BANG!

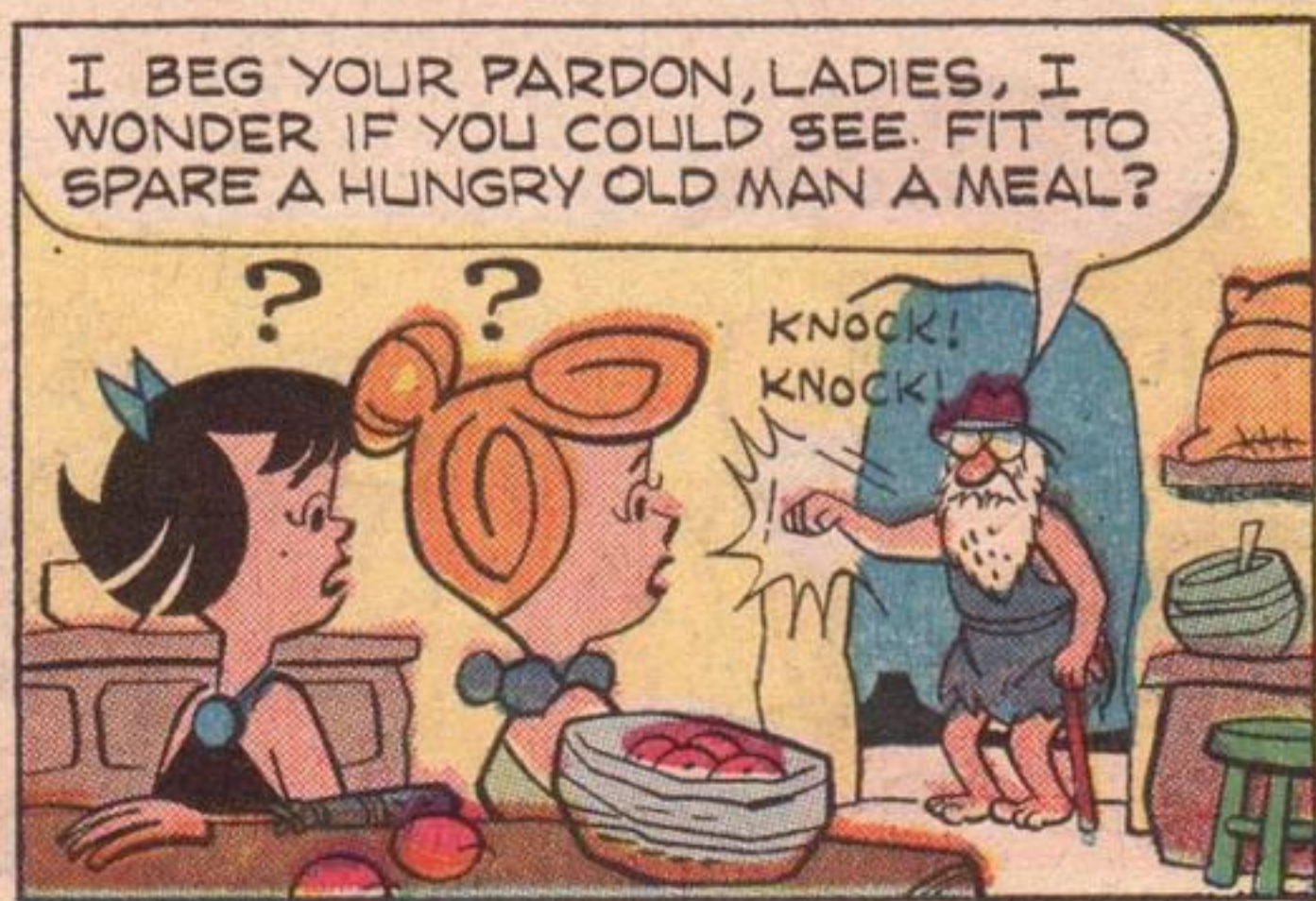
LOSED



QUIET, OUT THERE! I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT CUSTOMER!

SPLOSH!

CLOSED



I BEG YOUR PARDON, LADIES, I WONDER IF YOU COULD SEE. FIT TO SPARE A HUNGRY OLD MAN A MEAL?

KNOCK!
KNOCK!



WELL,
WE...

WHY NOT? WHAT'S
ONE MORE
FREE MEAL?



OH, DEAR! THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT BUT
HAMBURGER!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT!
WE'LL MAKE A
HAMBURGER TO END
ALL HAMBURGERS!



SHORTLY...

DEAR LADIES, THAT,
BEYOND DOUBT, WAS THE
FINEST HAMBURGER I
HAVE EVER EATEN! THANK
YOU VERY MUCH!

YOU'RE
QUITE
WELCOME!

GLAD YOU
LIKED IT!

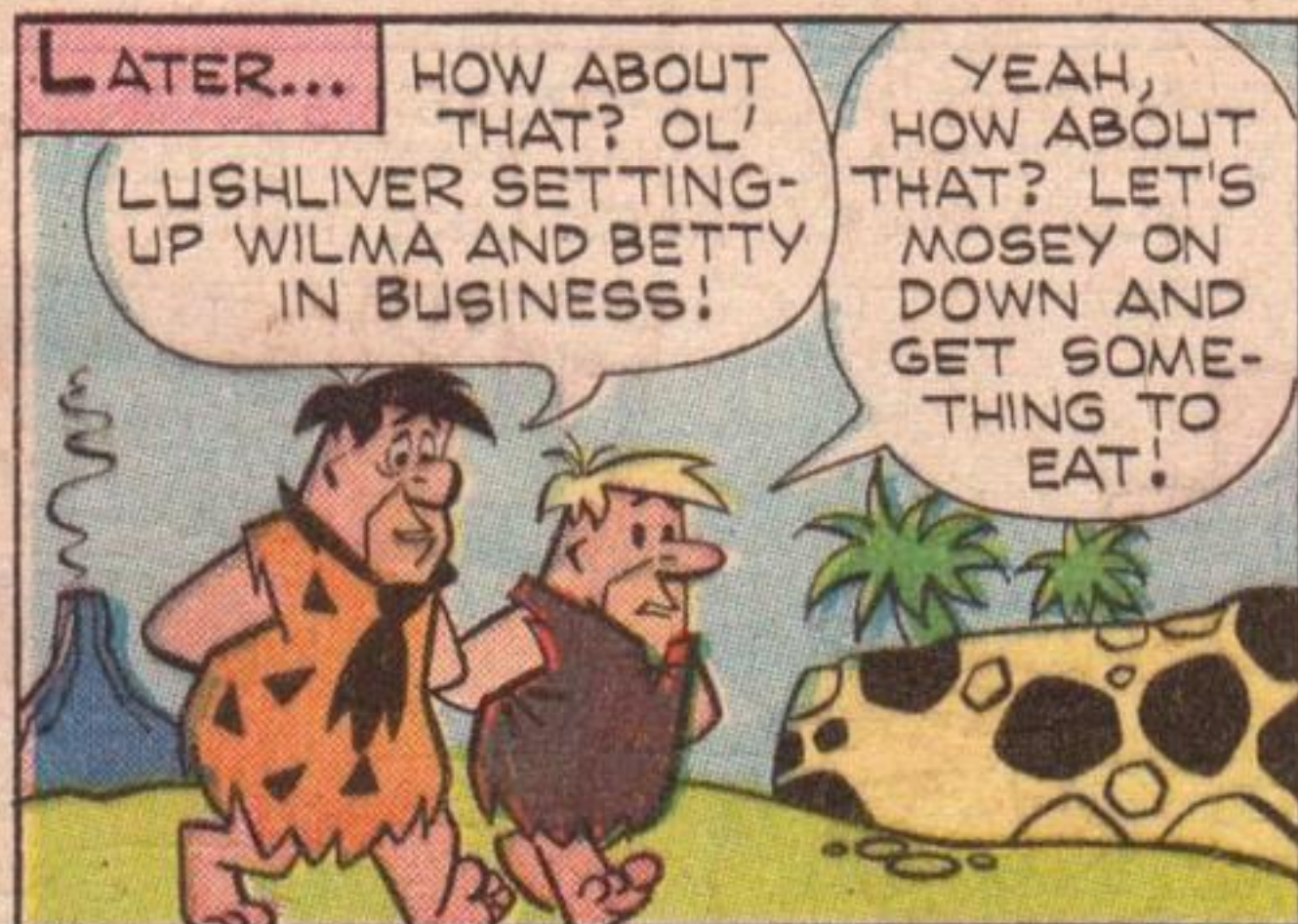


THE WORLD SHOULD BENEFIT FROM
YOUR TALENTS, AND IT WILL WITH
THE GLUTWELL P. LUSHLIVER SEAL
OF APPROVAL! I SHOULD LIKE TO
PERSONALLY SPONSOR YOUR
BUSINESS!

?!



GOODNESS, DID I SAY
SOMETHING WRONG?



LATER...

HOW ABOUT
THAT? OL'
LUSHLIVER SETTING-
UP WILMA AND BETTY
IN BUSINESS!

YEAH,
HOW ABOUT
THAT? LET'S
MOSEY ON
DOWN AND
GET SOME-
THING TO
EAT!



HAMBURGERS! THAT'S ALL THEY SERVE,
AND I DON'T FEEL LIKE A HAMBURGER!
I FEEL MORE LIKE
EATING CROW!

ME,
TOO!

WILMA & BETTY'S FINE
HAMBURGERS
RECOMMENDED BY GLUTWELL P. LUSHLIVER

the
end